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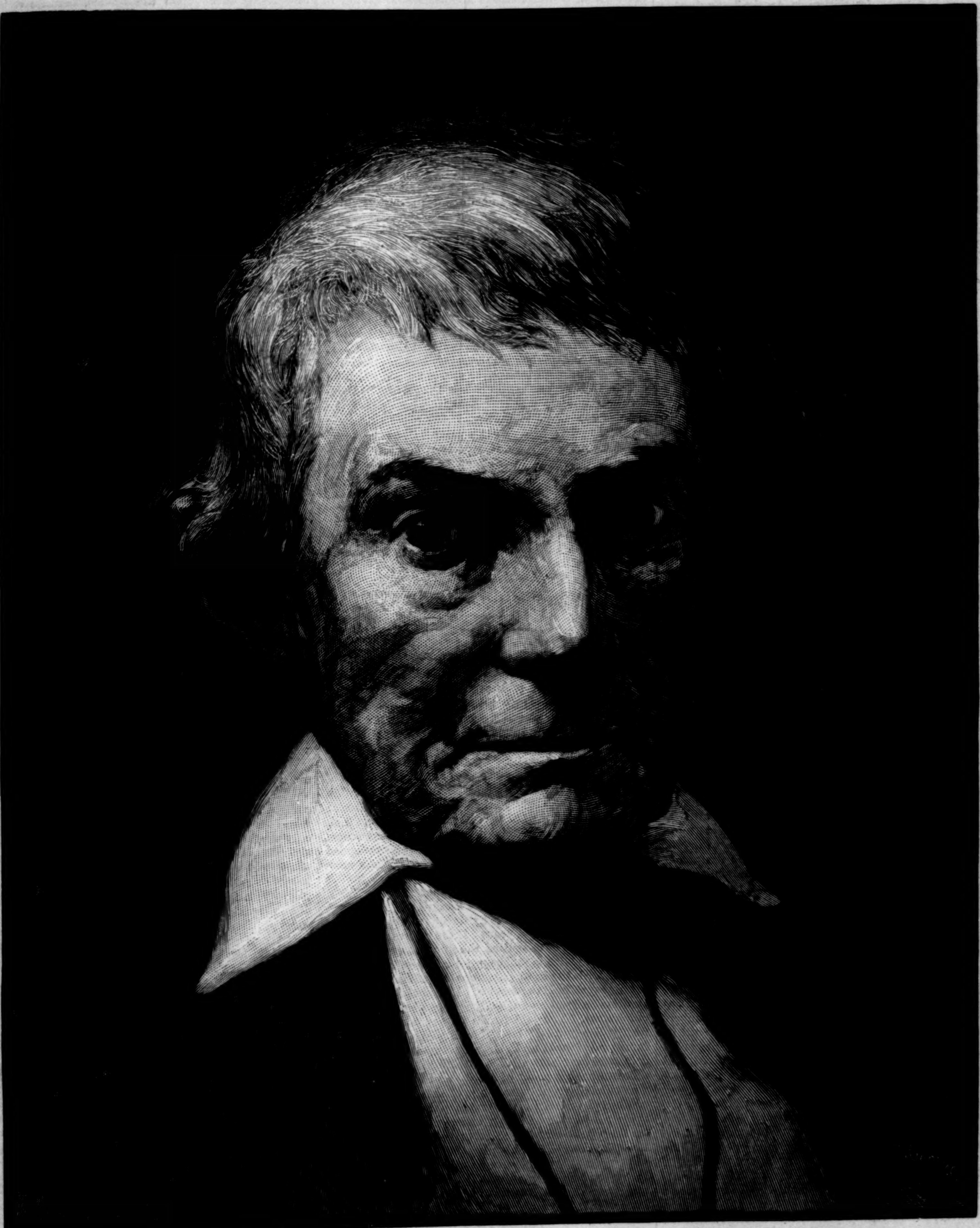

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—Drawn from Life by John W. Alexander.—[See Page 150.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 10, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published March 6, *contains the opening chapter of a new Serial Story, entitled*

RAISING THE "PEARL."

By JAMES OTIS,

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Tim and Tip," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," etc.

Probably no American writer has so firm a hold on the affections of the young readers of this country as Mr. Otis. *From the date of the publication of his first story in* Young People *his popularity has steadily increased, and from all sides the little folk send us letters demanding fresh stories from his pen. This new story will add fresh laurels to the wreath that small fingers have woven for him. The scenes are laid in a most interesting part of our land; the characters are well drawn; it is a boating story, such as boys always delight in; and lastly, it possesses the charm and spirit that characterize* Mr. Otis's *best work.*

Harper's Young People........	Per Year	$1 50
Harper's Weekly..............	"	4 00
Harper's Weekly and Harper's Young People	"	5 00

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END OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

THE instructions of the autumn elections to the late Congress were universally understood. The country was resolved that the spoils system which had murdered Garfield should be reformed, and that the superfluous revenue which led to the extravagances of the River and Harbor Bill of last summer, and to the corruption which always accompanies a surplus, should be reduced by a revision of the revenue system. The President correctly interpreted the elections, and in his annual Message to Congress recommended certain "immediate and extensive reductions in the annual revenues of the government," adding the pregnant remark that "only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government." He opposed the total abolition of internal taxes, for two reasons—first, because it was not clear that with the $100,000,000 required for pensions during the year the duties on imports would supply the needs of the government; and second, because the total abolition of excise taxes would prevent a thorough revision of the tariff. He also stated with force the necessity of reform in the methods of appointment to office, and commending the Pendleton bill, promised his hearty co-operation in such proper measures of reform as should be devised by Congress. The President's position was frank and patriotic, his suggestions were sagacious, and his sincerity was unquestionable. Congress at once heeded his counsel so far as to pass promptly the reform bill that he had mentioned favorably, and then fell into a prolonged debate upon the revision of the tariff, which he had also urged. But the course and circumstances of the discussion showed clearly that neither party had a definite policy upon the subject, and that the debate was but the bitter contention of vast private interests, not an endeavor to promote the public welfare.

Toward the end of the session the Senate passed a tariff bill. But nobody in the Senate or in the country could probably have given an intelligent account of it, or pointed out any principle in its construction. During the debate a great deal of valuable miscellaneous information upon the resources and industries of the United States was contributed by the members from different parts of the country. But the bill itself was a patchwork of compromises and crude alterations, the scope of which was not perceived, and which, upon engrossing, produced extraordinary results, imposing burdens which were not intended, and revealing the ease with which a complicated and obscure scheme of duties, devised to promote a myriad selfish interests, may be perverted innocently or intentionally to do injustice to the public interest. The political result of the debate, however, was significant. It showed, as we have said, that upon the fundamental question of the principles upon which the revenue for the support of the government should be raised neither of the existing parties has a clearly defined and harmonious understanding. Upon this subject Mr. Randall, a Pennsylvania Democrat, is as widely divided from Mr. Beck, a Kentucky Democrat, as Mr. Kelley, a Pennsylvania Republican, from Mr. Kasson, an Iowa Republican. Upon details of the tariff involving the local industries of their own States men of all parties winced and flinched. Yet the situation in Congress doubtless represents accurately the situation in the country. Few Republicans or Democrats adhere to their party because of its position upon this subject. Party cohesion is due to tradition, and even if the Democratic party should seem to any independent man to hold, upon the whole, a more reasonable position than the Republican upon the principle of a revenue tax, the general grounds of distrust which are offered by a party so overwhelmingly discredited by the events of a generation as the Democratic are sufficient to withhold him from its support.

Even the adoption of the report of the conference committee on the tariff, during the closing hours of the session, while it effects a considerable saving in the revenue, will not satisfy the country as it would had it been a more consistent and comprehensive measure. But on the whole the political result of the session will be advantageous for the Republicans in the prompt passage of a reform bill, and the good faith of the President in intrusting its enforcement to its friends. The Democratic party has missed its opportunities. Its course has but deepened the general conviction of its unfitness for administration. Instead of justifying its own loud declarations, and pressing forward as the champion of reform, it was dragged along by popular sentiment and by the Republican movement. If it had been in earnest, it would have removed one of the chief impediments in its way, which is the apprehension of "a clean sweep" of the offices, and a consequent dangerous disturbance of the public service, in the event of its success. So in the tariff debate, if it had offered a simple and consistent scheme as a substitute for the Republican bill, or had proposed the amendment of that bill upon some sound and well-defined principle, it would have had the advantage which always results from such a position. Upon the whole, as we have said, the late session of Congress fairly represents the political situation. It is obscure and doubtful, and mainly because the independent sentiment is stronger and more general than ever. In New York, where the majority for the Democratic candidate was enormous, the conduct of the Democratic Legislature has weakened Democratic prospects. In a great State a party will be measured by its representatives, and a party whose chief representatives are such as, with few exceptions, the Democrats even of the city of New York send to the Legislature, is not thereby commended to public favor. It must be said, therefore, that the close of the Forty-seventh Congress shows the strong probability of the determination of the election of 1884 by the independent vote, and that as yet the Democrats have done nothing to attract it.

THE CHANGE IN THE NEW YORK NAVAL OFFICE.

The most friendly interpretation of the recent change in the New York Naval Office can not reconcile it with the President's declarations in both his annual Messages to Congress. He has emphatically announced that the public business should be transacted upon business principles, and that tenure should not depend upon personal or merely partisan service. Upon this sound principle a change in so important a position as the Naval Office in the New York Custom-house could be made only upon public grounds. The failure to re-appoint an officer of the first capacity, of the highest character, and of long experience, and to whom, more than to any other single person, is due the efficient enforcement of the reformed system, in which the President has expressed his hearty concurrence, is an act so injurious to the service, to the reformed system, and to the President's consistency that some explanation is due to the country.

The attempted justification is that the late Naval Officer is promoted to be Chief Examiner. But how is an officer promoted by being reduced from a position of $8000 to one of $3000 a year? If the interests of the reformed system be consulted, the sincere co-operation of the Naval Office is indispensable. Now the late Naval Officer is the most sagacious and efficient friend of the new system in the service. His successor, however excellent a gentleman, deliberately abandoned it as chimerical. The late Naval Officer courteously but firmly disregarded "bosses" and "heelers" and all the familiar political and party bummers and shysters, protected his clerks against extortion, and brought his office to such a point of ability and efficiency that it was officially pronounced one of the most admirably conducted offices in the entire public service. For these reasons he has been bitterly denounced by the trading politicians, who have sworn "to have his head," and at length his place is filled by a successor more agreeable to them, and indifferent, if not hostile, to the principles upon which the office has been administered. The conclusion is inevitable that if the late Naval Officer had propitiated the politicians, and had "run" his office as a party bureau, he would have retained his place, and that consequently his nomination to be Chief Examiner, at a greatly reduced salary, means merely that he was to be punished for fidelity to the very principles which the Commission is to carry out.

When the President was removed from the Collectorship of the port he was offered a foreign position, which he declined, for the reason that if he was qualified to be a Consul, he was equally fitted to be Collector. If the late Naval Officer be qualified as Chief Examiner, of which there is no doubt, he is still more fitted to fill the office that he held. He and every other sincere friend of the reformed system is compelled to see that the circumstances of his transfer show either a want of comprehension, or a deliberate disregard of the true principles of the public service. This is the more to be regretted because the country was disposed to believe that the President intended to carry out in good faith the reform so earnestly desired. But this action can not but have the most demoralizing effect upon the service, because it is a warning to all efficient and devoted officers that they defy bosses and bummers at their peril, and it enables the most venal politicians to exult at the overthrow of reform in its stronghold. The Naval Office was a test case, and it is decided against the reformed system.

THINGS UNDONE.

Senator Davis's resignation of the Presidency of the Senate to enable a successor to be chosen recalls the great omissions of this Congress. Congress ended on the 4th of March, and there is no Vice-President, and Senator Davis's term expired that day. Consequently, had he chosen to retain his seat without permitting the choice of a successor, there would have been no President of the Senate, and no constitutional successor to the President in case of his death or inability, and no officer competent to call Congress together. This situation has been perfectly well known to Congress, but it has chosen to do nothing.

There are now some twelve hundred cases on the calendar of the Supreme Court. It is impossible for the court to keep pace with them, and every new case is placed at the foot of the calendar, and may not be reached for three years. Here is a denial of justice. But the situation has been long known. It has been discussed by the ablest lawyers. A simple and feasible plan has been devised, presented to Congress, and approved, after most careful consideration, by the American Bar Association. Congress knows the situation and the necessity, and has quietly disregarded them, and has done nothing.

The procedure at the electoral count by Congress is so obscure and doubtful that the continuity of the government might be easily arrested by a difference of opinion between the two Houses. In 1877 the situation brought the country to the edge of civil convulsion. It is now one of the most serious dangers that threaten the country. It has been elaborately discussed. The urgency is admitted. The settlement of the difficulty is perfectly simple, and a measure providing it has been long before Congress. Another Presidential election approaches, and Congress has done nothing. As parties will be tried at that election by their course in Congress, it is unfortunate that the responsible party should have left all these important things undone.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

Mr. Parnell is naturally irritated. He is a small man in a commanding position, and although entirely free of complicity in the cowardly Phœnix Park murders, he can not but see that the agitation of which he is the leader, unless controlled, as he can not control it, easily leads to ghastly crimes. The man who tells an ignorant and superstitious and wretchedly destitute people, who can barely scratch a subsistence out of the ground, that they are the victims of a cruel tyranny, that the land on which they starve has been stolen from them, and that they ought not to pay rent for it, and ought to Boycott any one who differs from them, certainly can not be surprised when some of his hearers decide to strike a blow to rid their country of some of the officers of the government whom he has described as Danton, had he lived in Rome, might have described Nero and Caligula.

This is the situation of Mr. Parnell, and put upon his defense, instead of expressing abhorrence of the crimes, he denounces the tyranny of the government. In doing this he taunts the British Ministry by declaring that he has a million of Irish-Americans behind him. If the people whom he thus describes were exiles waiting only the overthrow of the tyranny to return to their country, the remark would not be offensive. But here is a politician in the British Parliament who in an angry Parliamentary contest announces that the strength of his position lies in the support of a million American citizens. If this declaration be true, it signifies a divided allegiance upon the part of those citizens. It is a proclamation that the chief interest of a great body of voters in this country lies in another country, and that, in fact, they are grossly abusing the right of American citizenship to which they have been admitted. On the same morning that Mr. Parnell's speech was reported it was stated that the British Government had demanded of our authorities the extradition of an Irish-man named Sheridan, charged as an accomplice in the Dublin murders.

In our treaty of extradition with England "criminal charges arising from wars or intestine commotions" are, according to President Tyler and Mr. Webster, excepted from the operation of the treaty. But the condition is specific that any person claimed for surrender upon a charge of crime shall be surrendered if the evidence adduced would be sufficient to hold him for trial in this country. No distinction is made between political murder and other murder; and if Sheridan upon the evidence produced would be committed for trial in the United States, the treaty would seem to require his surrender. Persons claimed as political offenders, of course, we should not deliver; and if it can be shown that the assassination in Phœnix Park was in any just sense an act of war or of intestine commotion in the ordinary sense of the words, the person claimed would not be surrendered. But Mr. Webster could hardly have meant to make America a harbor for everybody who might commit a crime in another country during political troubles, because intestine commotion can readily be made the pretext for the gratification of private malice. The *Sun* cogently asks whether the British Government would have refused to surrender Wilkes Booth, had he escaped to Canada, on the ground that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln arose from intestine commotions.

A FRENCH FOLLY.

The recommendation of the new Ferry Ministry in France that the members of old royal houses who are serving in the army should be retired is a cowardly surrender to a cry which should not have been heeded. The true policy for France was indicated in a very able report to the Senate by M. Allon. It recommended the simple rejection of the expulsion bill, for reasons which are equally cogent against the forcible retirement of the princes from the army.

The report points out that the republic has weathered much greater perils than Plon-Plon's placard without resorting to proscription, and it shows that the plots of pretenders abroad are quite as dangerous as at home. To punish certain citizens for their birth is a gross denial of republican equality, and to take extreme precautions against imaginary dangers is a sign of fatal weakness. But more especially the report warns the Senate that to yield to a policy of popular proscription is to encourage the most remorseless tyranny. The whole anti-pretender policy is merely an effort to revive the old Revolutionary terror of '93, and the worst symptom of the present political situation in France is the surrender of the Ferry Ministry to this spirit.

The Duc de Chartres has obeyed the law retiring him from the army, and issued a farewell order, appealing to his regiment loyally to support his successor, and to prove by their zeal, devotion, and obedience to law that his official relation to them had been inspired by honor and patriotism. There is much less reason to doubt the patriotism of the Orleans princes than that of their most rancorous opponents.

EDWIN BOOTH IN GERMANY.

Mr. Edwin Booth's success in Germany is altogether beyond that which any American actor, or probably any English-speaking actor, has ever received in a foreign country. It was his Hamlet which captivated the Germans, and it is not difficult to understand why. The character of the part, the delicacy and variety of the actor's interpretation of it, and a certain romantic glamour in which it is steeped, would be all most agreeable to German taste.

It is interesting to remark in the comments of the press that each critic was struck by a separate beauty in the presentation. Each string of the deftly swept harp especially charmed some sympathetic hearer, and the unreserved cordiality of the praise is striking and significant. To Mr. Booth personally the tribute must be exceedingly gratifying, while to his countrymen it is pleasant to know that so admirable an artist and so modest a gentleman has widely extended the fame of his country in a department of art in which America was supposed still to be a pupil, not a master.

A TRUTH WELL PUT.

Governor Schuyler Crosby, of Montana Territory, in his late Message to the Territorial Legislature, states a sound political truth with admirable point. In recommending a registry law to avoid the evils which are fostered by the present loose arrangements for voting in the Territory he says, "It is less a hardship that an honest voter should lose his vote than that a dishonest one should annul many honest votes by repeating."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

A reference in the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine to Charles Fenno Hoffman, a charming literary figure of forty years ago in New York, and the founder of the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, has drawn from a correspondent at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, a touching glimpse of the author whose career was so early and sadly clouded, but who is living still:

"He has been for many years, and is now—or was very recently—in the State Lunatic Hospital near this city. I used to see him quite often there. His insanity is of a harmless kind, I believe, and consists in the illusion that the air is full of spirits in actual bodily existence, and that they approach him as if to hurt him. He is free to go where he likes at most times, I understand, and does go off without an attendant, always into the country, avoiding people and roads, and in all weather. He is fully of middle height; his hair is grizzled, and rather long and straggling; his face and form are spare; his eyes bright and keen, but wandering; his figure erect; and his physical health strong. He is a striking and bizarre figure, striding along, a fur cap on his head, and a stout stick in his hand, with which he continually makes passes into the air to ward off the spirits when they approach too near. His wooden leg—or rather stump—does not seem to hinder his going anywhere. He returns of himself at night, and seems perfectly content. He has intervals of comparative lucidity, and is then a most interesting talker."

Mr. Hoffman is now seventy-seven years old, and he is probably unknown to the new generation of readers. But the manliness of his character, the brightness of his mind, and his literary skill made him one of the most delightful writers of the *Knickerbocker* school.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union provides a truly catholic and admirable series of entertainments during the winter. Not only are religious services held by clergymen of all denominations, but there are courses of pleasant lectures upon practical ethics, such as novel-reading, amusements, economy, and "talks" upon the political history of the United States, upon banking, upon travel and geography, physical training, photography, and elocution, with illustrated lectures.

These entertainments occupy several evenings in the week. They are the voluntary contribution of the most eminent and accomplished clergymen and citizens, and the public is cordially invited to attend with the members of the Union. To young men who are busy during the day such a resort, with its gymnasium and reading-rooms, is a most attractive club, and is but another striking illustration of that all-embracing Christian civilization which is constantly seeking to elevate and purify and educate and restrain.

To the same beneficent spirit we owe the Free Circulating Library in New York. Its annual report, which is just issued, shows a constant and marked increase of public interest in the enterprise. The number of persons constantly using the books during the year was about five thousand, and as the circulation of volumes was 71,840 and only eleven books were lost, it is a striking tribute to the care and honesty of the "patrons" of the library. To extend the benefit of the library, branches are needed, and they will be undoubtedly established as fast as the generous givers to all good works of the kind fully understand the situation.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

There are certain careers which we call, and with just pride, peculiarly American. Their chief aspects are of course familiar. The country boy, trained in the district school, in the plain and orderly family home, and in the Sunday-school and church, comes to the city, and by energy, industry, sagacity, honesty, and intrinsic ability rises to opulence and influence, to general respect, public confidence, and honorable distinction. Illustrations of this characteristic American career will occur to every one who reads these words, but a graphic record of one of them which well represents all has lately fallen under our observation. It is a brief and modest account of the chief incidents in the life of a New York merchant, with extracts from his speeches, which he designed only for his grandchildren, but which has been privately printed for a few friends.

Yet as the extracts are from speeches in Congress and elsewhere, publicly reported and widely read when delivered, we do not feel that we invade unduly the privacy of the volume by speaking of it. It is the record of the life of Mr. S. B. Chittenden, especially in relation to the war, and to the practical questions of finance and economy that followed it, when he acted and spoke both as a successful merchant and as a Representative in Congress. But the little work is mainly significant as an illustration of the patriotic intelligence of the American merchant, who, when the occasion calls, turns from the engrossing duties of his business to help form and lead public sentiment upon questions of great public policy, and to serve in Congress with the same energy and sagacity with which he has toiled in the counting-room.

Such a record does much to explain how a peaceful and trading country, with only the form of an army and navy, and long wholly unfamiliar with war, rose under every disadvantage, except the essential quality of its people, to the full height of a tremendous historical contest of arms, and pushed it steadily forward to complete victory in the field, with happy avoidance of the disastrous financial and social reaction that so often follows. It was because in every field and workshop and office and factory and counting-room were found not only patriotism and willingness, but the ability of the self-possessed and self-respecting and self-supporting citizen to turn from his peculiar vocation and adapt himself to the exigency, whether on the battle-field or in the Legislature or in the public meeting. It is as a vivid glimpse of a career which illustrates this American quality that this modest record and all similar stories will be prized by the historian of liberty.

PERSONAL.

An art critic was introducing one of his friends to a well-known New York sculptor. "This gentleman," he explained, looking at the sculptor, "is your true modern divinity—he makes men out of clay." "Yes," added the sculptor, slyly, "and he never throws mud at them."

—The late Dean Stanley was shy when a boy. His aunt called him "the little sylph," his drill-sergeant at school exhorted him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and don't look sheepish," and his school-fellows bullied him. But in manhood he became distinguished for his unrivalled social gifts. His wife, says his biographer, Dean Bradley, not only shared his friendships, sympathized with his work and aspirations, and developed to the utmost his capacity for social life, but exercised a "tender care for the health and comfort of one curiously incapable of taking care of himself, even in the most essential points of food and dress."

—A New York man of letters, whose praise recently was in all the reviews, exclaimed the other day to a friend: "I made a fool of myself this morning. They have been erecting a tasteful building for a firm of clothiers on Broadway, and the tenants have just moved in. As I am compelled to pass there every day, I have had some satisfaction in its general architectural effect. Judge, therefore, of my disgust this morning when I saw behind one of the immense plate-glass windows the notorious old sign, 'Pants to order.' As soon as I reached my office I wasted a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp in an earnest appeal to the proprietor to substitute 'trousers,' or at least 'pantaloons.' Of course it will do no good, and I know that I made a fool of myself. But I couldn't help it."

—The King of Siam has again manifested the excellence of his literary taste by appointing Mr. Frank Vincent, Jun., the well-known author of *The Land of the White Elephant*, a Knight of the Royal Order of Buspa Mala, and sending him an elaborately chased and embossed good medal, and a diploma, surmounted by the regal arms, which expresses the devout wish that "the Power which is Supreme in the Universe may keep and guard" Mr. Vincent, "and grant him happiness and prosperity." Our readers will remember that the same potentate recently honored another American author, Colonel T. W. Knox, with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant.

—John Duncan, the celebrated Scotch weaver and botanist, whose life has been lately given to the public, carried his orthodoxy so far as to insist that the Catholics should be shot, since it was impossible to convert them. "You surely would not take the gun to them, John?" asked a friend. "Should you not try preaching and reasoning with them?" "Weel, weel," replied John, "but if they winna hear, what then? There's naething for't but shootin'."

—"Gambetta in Hades" is the heading of an article in the Paris *Figaro*. The dead statesman is represented as meeting M. Thiers: "My poor Gambetta, you here?" asks the latter—"you so young, so gay, so full of life, so exuberant." "Alas, yes," replies the other. "Appearances are deceitful. As with Mirabeau, my head was the only good thing about me." The conversation then plunges into politics, and M. Thiers declares that the French Republic is atheistic: "Poor France! poor people! poor children! I beg pardon of my country for having been the godfather of the Republic." Gambetta having inquired where his friends are, is told that they are "there, in that dark path, not far from us, airing their ferocious humors or their monotonous dream. For myself," adds Thiers, "I live among a little group of reactionaries."

—Dickens's biographers, Mr. Forster and Mr. Ward, describe the last few weeks of his life as weeks of gloom. But a gentleman who acted in private theatricals with the novelist exactly seven days before his death declares that on this occasion the author of *Pickwick* was the liveliest of his associates, and manifested an "infectious enjoyment."

—A Prime Minister can not please everybody, and Sir Robert Peel, a Tory politician, publicly charges Mr. Gladstone, in his temporary withdrawal to Cannes for his health, with having "deserted the helm of the vessel of state at the very moment when Parliament was going to meet, when cabinet councils ought to be held, and when the finances, owing to extravagance and mismanagement, are in a very unsettled state."

—A European in India who is accused of violating the law can be arrested, committed, tried, condemned, or acquitted only by European officials. The native magistrates don't like this, and complain that perfect equality is not guaranteed by British domination, although British domination professes to guarantee it. Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, proposes to take away the privilege, and has thereby invoked the wrath of thousands of Englishmen at home and abroad.

—There are plenty of etiquettes in the world, observes a foreign journalist—too many, most reasonable folk would say—but yet we feel inclined to suggest an addition to the number. We want it to be made an etiquette that a man who announces that he is seeking rest should be let alone. The room of the sick American statesman swarms with interviewers, but they can only be just a shade worse than the bulletin-makers, who will not let Mr. Gladstone look down from a balcony on a carnival without recounting how showers of *confetti*—nasty comfits, part plaster, part flour, and part dyes—only excited him to boyish glee.

—In view of the alleged fact that dozens of amiable men are at this moment drifting into old bachelorhood for the want of a little help at the opportune moment, a young woman suggests the establishment of classes, both for men and girls, where the former can be taught the easiest methods of approaching the important subject, and the latter how best they may assist them.

—The natives of Burmah have developed an inordinate appetite for tobacco and for sugar. Men, women, and children use seven pounds of the weed per head a year, and for each mouthful of tea drunk many of them eat a mouthful of caked sugar. Even in India the consumption of tobacco is little more than one pound per head per annum.

—Arabi authorizes a reporter in Ceylon to "tell the English people I am content to remain here as their guest; to rest in peace while they carry out to its fullest extent the work I began in Egypt."

—It is now believed that at the time of the Phœnix Park murders Lord Frederick Cavendish might have escaped with his life had he taken refuge in flight instead of remaining to protect his companion, Mr. Burke, upon whose death the conspirators were intent.

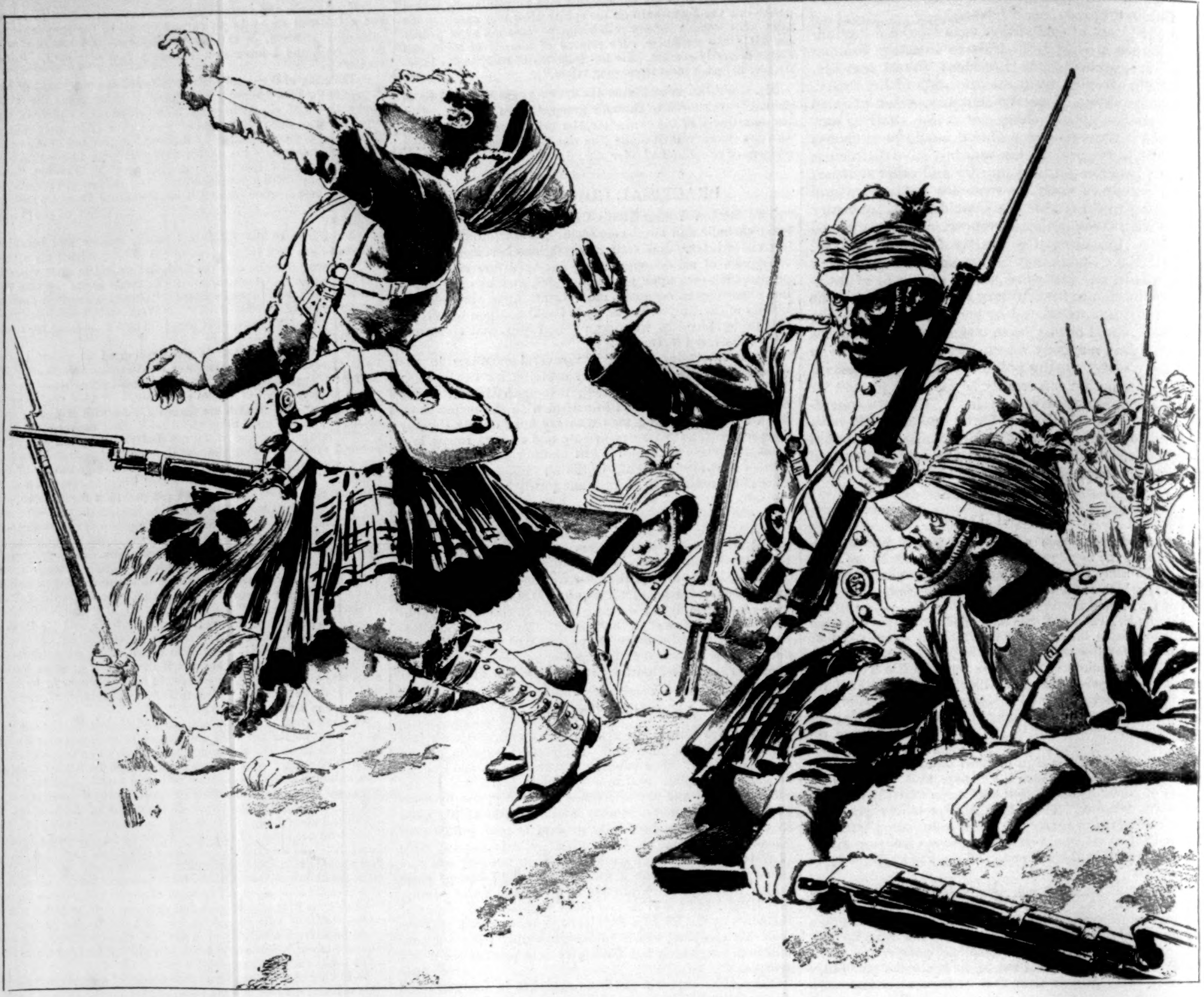
—The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds it difficult to refrain from smiling at the commotion caused in Switzerland by the presence of a couple of young ladies—Miss Booth and her friend, of the Salvation Army. "The old spirit which burned Servetus still seems to linger in the city of Calvin, but it has entered into and possessed the men who regarded themselves as the special representatives of free thought. Miss Booth may be a visionary and a fanatic, but she is, after all, an English subject, and it is to be hoped that our representative at Geneva will do all he can to see that the rights of our countrymen in Switzerland are not wantonly interfered with."

—A late writer suggests that in the matter of sending valentines we might return with profit to the custom of two hundred years ago, when Samuel Pepys's wife received from her adorers "half a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentines"—to quote from that old journalist's diary.

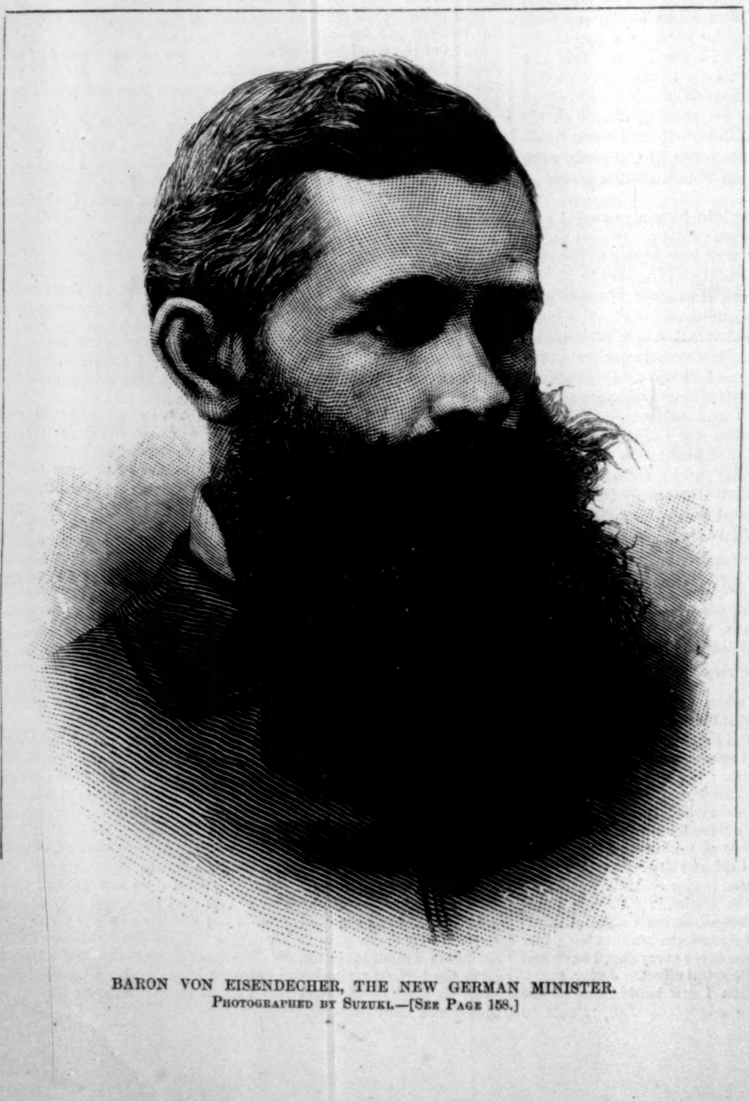
—A new street in Paris, occupying in part the site of a house and garden belonging to Alfred Stevens, is to bear that celebrated artist's name.

—Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., advises his country-women that extreme tightness of dress is at all times a very hazardous experiment. "Even beautiful arms, when very tightly inclosed, look not a little like sausages. But it is always to be remembered that folds, with their infinite changeableness of shape, light, and shadow, are more beautiful than anything, excepting that perfection of form which is rarely found."

—The following letter from Robert Burns was made public for the first time a few days ago, at the annual celebration in Sheffield in honor of the poet: "Sir,—The language of refusal is to me the most difficult language on earth, and you are the man of the world, excepting one of right honorable designation, to whom it gives me the greatest pain to hold such language. My brother has already got money, and shall want nothing in my power to enable him to fulfill his engagement with you; but to be security on so large a scale, even for a brother, is what I dare not do, except I were in such circumstances of life as that the worst that might happen could not greatly injure me. I never wrote a letter which gave me so much pain in my life, as I know the unhappy consequences: I shall incur the displeasure of a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect, and to whom I am deeply obliged.—I am ever, sir, your obliged and very humble servant, Robert Burns.—Mossgiel, Friday morning."



THE FIRST MAN IN TEL EL KEBIR.



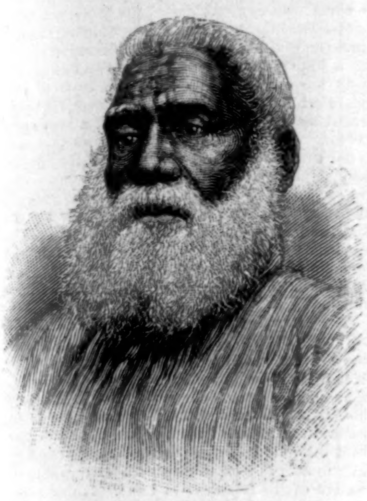
BARON VON EISENDECHER, THE NEW GERMAN MINISTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SUZUKI.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, MINISTER TO SPAIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY VALLETO, MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

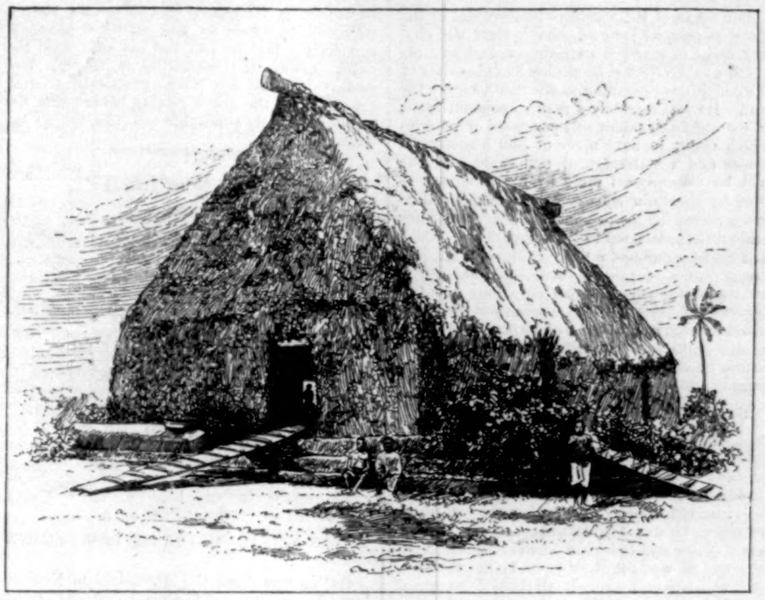
AMONG THE FEEJEEANS.

The picture we present of Thakombau, pronounced probably the last of Feejeean kings, as he was the greatest, was taken in Levuka, the capital of Feejee. It represents a grand specimen of native manhood.

Thakombau was the grandson of Na Vlivau, chief of the island of Mbau, and son of Tanoa. His grandfather commenced the work of subjugation upon islands contiguous to his own, which was so well carried on by Tanoa that at the time of his death (1829) he had established his supremacy over the principal islands of the group, and left to Thakombau a heritage of conquest and war. All Feejee acknowledged his rule after many years of savage warfare. His fights by sea and land, with all the strange romances and terrible situations of cannibal warfare, may yet find a historian. When they do, Thakombau will find a place by the side of other romantic native warriors, who, after subduing their own peers and their subjects, came in contact with the white man's civilization, and losing at last their grand courage in contending against the vexations of English diplomacy, which stopped short of actual war, but pushed its victim to the extremity of despair, surrendered in sorrow the actual ruling power into English hands, keeping the empty honor and title of King, with a liberal allowance to maintain the show of royalty.



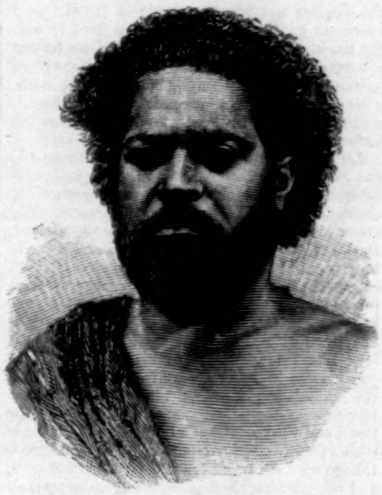
THE OLD KING.



FEEJEE HOUSE.

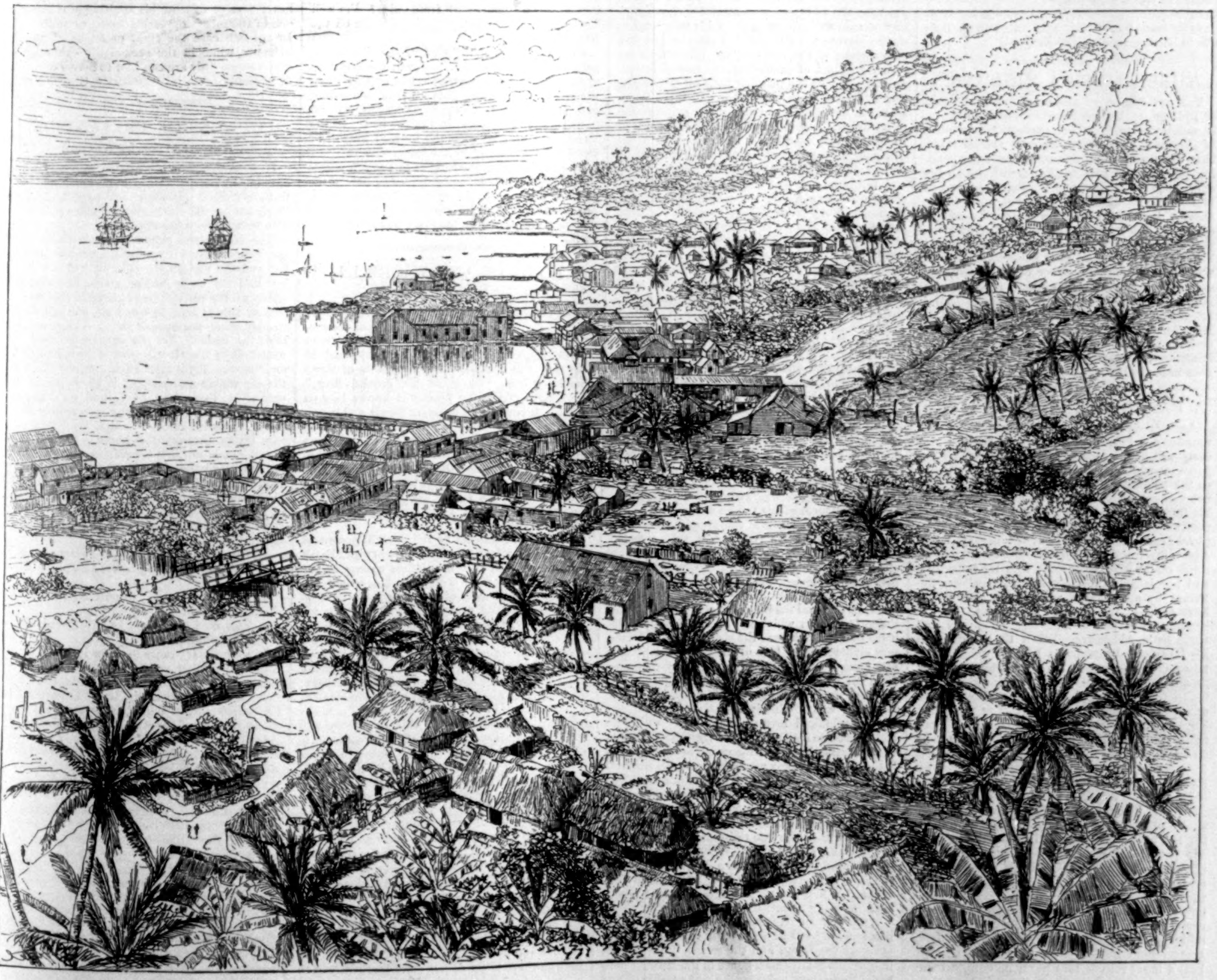
Thakombau, driven to desperation by intriguing whites and warlike neighboring tribes, offered to England the sovereignty of the islands in 1858, with the fee-simple of 100,000 acres of land, on condition that England should pay the American claim of £9000 for alleged injuries to their consul. Colonel Smyth, R.A., was sent to report on the advisability of annexation, which he reported against. Then an attempt was made in 1871 by some enterprising Englishmen to form a constitutional government, with Thakombau as King. They kept it up for three years, but only succeeded in running the government largely in debt, without benefiting either whites or natives. The English government by this time saw that the Feejees were valuable to complete their chain of ports between a possible Panama Canal and Sydney, China, and India, and took active measures to obtain them. This they easily accomplished, and the King ceded his islands to Great Britain, being allowed to keep his ancestral island of Mbau as a residence, with an annuity of $20,000 a year from the English government.

In appearance Thakombau was very striking. The old warrior was straight as an arrow, and over six feet in height, with that full-rounded and muscular development which characterizes the natives of most of the South-sea Islands, and his massive features, set in the frame-work of white hair and flowing white beard, gave an air of majesty to his person that distinguished him at once among any number of whites or natives. In 1854 he embraced the religion brought over to Feejee from the Tonga Islands by the Wesleyan missionaries, and after that did all in his power to suppress cannibalism.



THAKOMBAU'S SON.

Thakombau's son Timothy, who might be called "a gilded youth" of the South-sea Islands, is a handsome specimen of the young aristocracy of the Feejees. He has a fine yacht of about a hundred and forty tons, in which he cruises as far as Sydney, Australia, every year or two, and makes frequent excursions to the several islands of the group. Timothy is not unmindful of the situation in which his father placed all the other Feejee chiefs when he was prevailed upon to give up his island kingdom to British rule, as the following anecdote will show: At the banquet given by the English to King Thakombau after his acceptance of their terms of annexation there was invited a number of the great chiefs of Samoa, with a view to impress them with the new importance given to the King, and to make them anxious to give up their islands to the English on the same terms. They were taken there on an English man-of-war, and treated with great consideration and respect. One of them sat by Timothy at the feast, and when the orator of the occasion said, "You great chiefs of Samoa now see what King Thakombau gets by his friendship for England," Timothy replied,



LEVUKA, THE CAPITAL OF FEEJEE.—From Photographs.

"Yes, he gets £4000 a year, but what do we other chiefs get?" The Samoans are very bright and very politic, and saw the advantages at once which they would gain by a similar treaty. The result is that they are at present free from the boon of foreign rule and taxes.

The native dress of the Feejee woman is the lava-lava, which consists of a cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry-tree, called tapa. This is wound around the loins two or three times, the folds falling to the knee, and is fastened by a twist which the smallest girl or boy can make in the twinkling of an eye, and yet no white person can accomplish. Their native grace is such that even in this scanty apparel they never appear to American eyes vulgar or unbecomingly dressed. They only appear ridiculous when dressed in civilized clothes, with shoes and stockings.

The native house which we present stands in the English Governor's grounds in Levuka as a specimen guest house, and is often used by him for the entertainment of visitors. These houses are very cleverly constructed, without the use of bolts, pins, nails, or other fastenings, except *senate*, a cord braided from the fibre of cocoa-nut husks, and are thatched to the thickness of eight or ten inches with the leaves of the wild sugar-cane.

Levuka is the only town of any importance in the Feejee Islands. It has a low-reef harbor of difficult access, which provides very insecure anchorage against anything like a hurricane. The street along the beach is wide and macadamized. Business places and dwellings indiscriminately line its entire length. It is a succession of small cottages, which, backed by the cocoa-nut-trees, towering far above the denser foliage of the banana, the guava, the mango, and the dozens of other fruit-bearing trees or shrubs, makes it look like a beautiful and real haven of rest as you anchor in the harbor after a voyage upon the interminable Pacific. The more pretentious houses are built on the mountain-sides above the town, and the picturesque house of the native is seen everywhere, surrounded by the dark green foliage of their bread-fruits, banana, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits which go so far to make up their daily bill of fare.

The white settlers in Feejee at the end of 1876 numbered 1569. Levuka is the residence of four-fifths of them. Those who do not reside there are engaged in planting and trading in the interior, drawing their supplies from Levuka. It is doubtful whether there are any more whites in Feejee to-day than there were in 1876. The planters complained that they were supervised and tyrannized over to such an extent by a despot, who applied all the worst features of a personal and irresponsible government, to their great detriment and discomfort, that it was impossible to make planting profitable. A change has been recently made by promoting the unpopular Governor to be Governor of New Zealand.

THREE TIMES A MINISTER.

THE nomination of Colonel JOHN W. FOSTER, of Indiana, as United States Minister to Spain, is understood to have been made at the instance of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, with special reference to naturalization and other questions pending between the two countries, with which his experience in Mexico and St. Petersburg made him familiar. Colonel FOSTER was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1834. He received a college education and was admitted to the bar, and was practicing law in his native city when the war broke out. He immediately entered the service, was commissioned an officer of volunteers, and saw an unusual amount of hard fighting. He attained the full rank of Colonel, commanded a brigade of cavalry in BURNSIDE's expedition to East Tennessee, and subsequently commanded a division in that region. In 1873 he was sent as Minister to Mexico, in 1880 to Russia, and now goes to Madrid.

A FASHIONABLE DAIRY-MAID.

AMONG the brilliant coterie of beauties that surrounded the Prince of Wales at Brighton in the early part of the present century was Lady Haggerstone, whose charms had at first sight attracted the admiration of the amorous Florizel. But not content with the general admiration which his Royal Highness was disposed to grant to all pretty women, her ladyship was ambitious to completely captivate the heart of the heir-apparent. Accordingly a *fête champêtre* was announced to come off at her pretty little villa near the Spa, and her ladyship was determined to charm the Prince by assuming a rustic dress that would have satisfied the taste of a Watteau. At her residence she had a miniature farm-yard and three little Alderneys. When the Prince with his friends and attendants had arrived, the fair hostess came forward from a side wicket, dressed as a milkmaid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the Prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Thus equipped, she tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a carefully studied bewitching rustic courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautifully plaited straw, her tucked-up gown showing her neat ankle dressed in colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossest-looking of the Alderneys, she was about to begin her pretty task; but not relishing this new and strange companion, the animal at once commenced kicking out, upsetting stool, pail, and milkmaid, and then trotting coolly away. Lady Haggerstone rose, covered with confusion, and beat a hasty retreat into her little dairy, whence she did not emerge again that day.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE death of Mr. STEPHENS removes one of the few conspicuous men remaining from the civil war, and one who was a striking and curious example of the effect upon genius and character of the conditions prevailing in the South before the war. He was certainly a man of original force, of extraordinary talent, and possessed of qualities which ought to have made of him a successful leader and a statesman of real value. But he will be remembered more by his eccentricities than by his attainments or achievements, and be loved rather for his personal kindliness than for real services rendered to the community in which he bore so prominent a part. Although Mr. STEPHENS died in advanced years—he was born in 1812—he was afflicted from childhood with feebleness and disease, which nothing but his splendid resolution could have overcome. In addition to this obstacle to success in the public career which he chose, he had to contend with extreme poverty, and with the almost entire lack of adequate intellectual training.

Yet he may be said to have passed his days in legislative bodies. Elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1836, at the age of twenty-four, he was steadily re-elected, until in 1843 he was transferred to the House of Representatives, where he remained until 1859. During the war of the rebellion he was Vice-President of the Confederate States and President of the Senate. After the war he was for eight years in the House of Representatives, making in all thirty-five years of legislative service. His gifts were unquestionable. Especially in earlier life his eloquence was fervent, persuasive, and sympathetic, while he developed marked skill in debate. His energy was exhaustless, his knowledge of human nature varied and extensive, and his mastery of parliamentary tactics almost unequalled. At the same time his grasp of constitutional law, his capacity for plausible reasoning, his ingenious mode of presenting his arguments, and his promptness in accepting accomplished facts, made him easily a leader of the party with which he cast in his fortunes. Had he been unhampered by the conditions, political and moral, which surrounded him, there is little room for doubt that he would have won great distinction; but it was his misfortune to be in servitude, unconscious but complete, to the terrible institution which determined the political career of every public man in the South, and which interposed a barrier that none succeeded in overthrowing or passing.

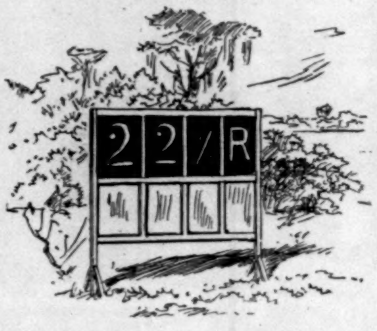
Mr. STEPHENS was an ardent lover of the abstract principles which underlie the American government. He took a sincere and unfeigned delight in their study. Liberty in its most democratic form was his ideal, and, excluding the negro race, the rights of man and of each community of men were the objects of his most enthusiastic devotion. For the Constitution, as the embodiment of the ideas of the Revolution, the revealed gospel of democracy, the sacred instrument devised by the inspired political fathers, he had something akin to worship, and there is nowhere in our literature more acute appreciation of its manifold force or more eloquent praise of its central idea than in his writings. But if one can imagine the fate of JEFFERSON compelled to defend the institution which, in contemplating and remembering that "God is just, made him tremble for his country," one may form some conception of the terrible failure to which the brilliant Georgian disciple of JEFFERSON was doomed.

At every step Mr. STEPHENS was baffled by the conditions which slavery imposed. He entered public life as a Whig, but was forced to support the annexation of Texas which CLAY, the great Whig leader, opposed, and was gradually compelled to join the Democratic party, from which many of his most earnest convictions repelled him. He was unquestionably a lover of the Union—the constantly growing superstructure based on the Constitution which he revered; but the necessity of finding some standing ground for slavery drove him to the theory of the right of any State to secede from the Union—a theory which made of the most solemn political bond a rope of sand, and of the very name of Union a mockery. Mr. STEPHENS's desperate attempt to find a safe middle course in the specious but weak and absurd doctrines of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, was one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most melancholy, features of his public career.

When all his dreams of compromise were rudely interrupted by the ripening of the secession plots, made by men who accomplished events instead of accepting them when accomplished, Mr. STEPHENS protested, but yielded. He not only consented to take part in the Confederate government, but he had the imprudence to defend it and the principle on which it was based, and to declare that "slavery was the corner-stone" of "the new civilization." It is of the irony of fate that this announcement did more than any utterance from the Union side could do to prevent the Confederacy from gaining sympathy abroad, where sympathy was absolutely essential to it, and that the unprejudiced love of that liberty which he had praised so eloquently was turned by his words to implacable hatred of the cause in which he enlisted. And in many ways Mr. STEPHENS suffered inconceivably from his one fatal weakness. The leaders of the rebellion utterly distrusted him. He was almost without influence in the counsels of the Confederacy, and before the close of the struggle was driven into retirement. The officers of the Union army found him alone in his deserted mansion, surrounded by a half-dozen of his slaves, a saddened spectator of the general ruin which he had resisted at first, but had finally aided to bring about.

After the war Mr. STEPHENS re-entered public life, and did all that he could to restore harmony between the North and the South. But though naturally a conspicuous figure in the House where he had once been a leader, he was comparatively without influence, and was regarded rather with curiosity and interest than with respect. He had so hopelessly committed himself to the absurd subtleties by which he had defended secession and slavery that he had lost his hold upon the public mind. His popularity in Georgia was great to the last, but it was practically barren. He sank into the grave leaving behind him the memory of many admirable qualities, but no enduring fame.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



PILOTS' SIGNAL—WATER 22¼ FEET—RISING.

ON his way down the Mississippi to New Orleans our artist found abundant material for his pencil in the picturesque scenes presented at almost every point along the shores of that majestic river. He was very much struck with the landings at night to take on board sacks of corn. In one night four of these landings were made within a distance of five miles. As soon as one landing was left, signal lights would be seen at other places, either below or across the river, which were answered until the cargo was complete.

The planter's farm being frequently at some distance from the river, the sacks of corn are brought by wagon to the bank, and there piled on a board flooring, and covered with tarpaulin or canvas to protect them from the weather. A watchman is stationed a little way up the river to signal approaching boats, and on being answered by the hoarse whistle, he rides back to the landing in order to point out its position.

While our artist was sketching the floating house, appropriately called "Old Reliable," the owner made his appearance, accompanied by two cats, and after taking a survey of the sketcher, called out in cheery tones: "Hello, stranger! won't you walk in and take something? When's thet 'ere flood comin' down from Cairo? I'm well fixed, ain't I? Guess I've got the bulge on the wet this time."

In the distance of the view of the river-bank, near the city of Memphis, is shown the improvements made by the government in cutting down the trees for a certain distance from the water, and hauling them away, in order to prevent "sawyers" and "snags" in the channel. In the foreground may be seen the tangled growth of wood not yet reached by the improvement.

The outline cut at the head of this article shows the government signal which informs pilots of the state of the water. These signal boards, which are large enough to be visible at a considerable distance, are posted at intervals along the river-bank.

LONG ISLAND SHORE IN WINTER.

PEOPLE of leisure are a growing quantity in our population. As a rule, this class being of the second generation, it has not as yet learned how to live in positive idleness. This is an art which in time only will come to the descendants of those who have been "let in on the ground-floor." The second generation fancies it knows how so to live. It consists in constant bustle and movement, and in calling attention to itself in petty paragraphs in the daily press. One of the forms which it has recently assumed is an affected fondness for the sea-shore during the winter. This season the movement has not been as pronounced as in a year or two past. The gloomy Canadian WIGGINS has injected a meteorological skeleton into the sea-side closet.

Permanent residents by the sea will not growl at this growing fashion. Intermittent visits break the monotony of this the dullest season of the year. Moreover, there is about these opulent birds of passage an element of the picturesque in manners, costume, and accessories which, as the advertisers say, "supplies a want long felt." They affect bizarre and novel surprises. On the train of one of our sea-board railways a few weeks since was a lady with several children. Accompanying her was a maid for herself and one for each child; in addition, as director-general of the detachment, a person dressed in the full costume of a Sister of Charity. There was in this originality and stylish picturesque novelty. A vivid contrast to the luxurious equipment of this little group was presented, as the train crossed the head-waters of numerous little bays, in solitary figures shivering in the cold as they jabbed for eels through holes cut in the ice. Of the two, the destiny of the eel-spearer was possibly the happier. He at least was free from the thousand and one complications and annoyances of an uncertain social tenure. In his locality the eel-spearer, moreover, is by no means a person of inconsequence. He owns a comfortable house, he is the possessor of a weatherly boat stiff as a church in a breeze, and so long as clams and eels are plenty, and he has the wherewithal to pay doctors' bills, his cares are few and insignificant. It is a noticeable fact that nowhere is the doctor more frequently in request than among our 'longshore population. This arises from a total disregard of simple sanitary laws, and their large families of children—the last possibly a counterpoise to the melancholy monotony of constantly jabbing for eels, or the wearisome tonging of the contemplative clam. It is not an infrequent incident for a grandfather to be in momentary expectation of becoming once more a father. He may be a widower twice, or even thrice; he may be bedridden and helpless—indeed, reduced to the condition of a vegetable—yet so long as there is life in the body he is sufficiently equipped for a fresh matrimonial venture.

In tenacity and vigor the crow of the sea-board is equally noticeable. This bird, indeed, has never had justice done him. Scientists have devoted a lifetime to the study of the ant and the more obscure forms of vegetable and animal life; the habits and wisdom of the crow are worthy of as close observation. One of this species, now nearly white with age, has visited the shore, near the residence of the writer, on every recurring season since the youth of men now far advanced in years. He is known from the absence of two toes of his right foot; his tracks on the soft sand of the beach establish his identity. Moreover, his voice would betray him; it is like that of a very aged person. He is one of the few crows that can count three or more. Young birds of the species may be lured within gunshot by three men going into a field, the subsequent withdrawal of two, the third remaining in ambush. This is a problem the inexperienced crow can not solve. The venerable crow in question has not within the memory of man ever been deceived by this ruse. All efforts to capture, shoot, or poison him have failed.

The exterminating war waged against crows by agriculturists is on a plane with their forecasts of the weather, based on the changes of the moon. Where the crow destroys one hill of corn, he more than compensates for it in the vast quantities of insects which he devours. Moreover, he is the natural scavenger of the sea-board. It is a pleasant little habit of the 'longshoremen, when a domestic animal dies, to throw the carcass into the waters of the bay near at hand. It drifts with the wind either to the one shore or the other. Even when floating it is covered with crows enjoying the banquet. Each day the birds increase in number. Now and again they are caught in a heavy blow difficult for them to face. They show on these occasions the skill of an expert navigator in extricating themselves from the perils incident to a long flight across the wind-swept water.

So long as crows have plenty to eat they remain interesting birds, but, when food is scarce, proximity to their roost renders life indeed not worth living. A famished crow, next to a man who never tires of relating his sporting adventures, is one of the most depressing forms of animal life. In the one case the sight of a gun abates the nuisance, while in the second the exhibition of that weapon only arouses him to fiercer outbursts of garrulity.

GASTON FAY.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

VENTILATION IN WINTER.

How to get good ventilation, either in winter or summer, is a question of importance, and sometimes a difficult question; and its difficulties are increased by the darkening of counsel of those who sometimes write about it.

The commonest remark we see made about ventilation is that if you open a window from the top and the bottom the cold air will flow in below and the warm escape above, and that presently all the air will be changed in this way.

Now this is true in one case, and one only—namely, when the outside air is but slightly colder than the inside. Try the experiment on a cold winter day; the air will rush in from both above and below. Try it on a warm summer day, when the air within and without is at the same temperature; there will be indeed an insensible change of air, but not any perceptible movement, inward or outward, unless the breeze actually blows through the house. Even a small apartment is not self-ventilating always. Large buildings, as halls of Congress, theatres, churches, require complicated machinery for forcing pure air in and for expelling the foul; but this branch of the subject need not be discussed here. How shall we best supply pure air to an ordinary living-room?

The leading points about the winter ventilation of an ordinary dwelling-house or apartment are but two:

1. A regulated supply of pure air from without should be provided.
2. This cold air should be introduced without creating draughts.

In all ordinary cases more or less cold air will come in, whether you wish it or not. The motive power, the inward draught, is due to the fact that the inside of the house is warmer than the outside air, so that there is always a strong rising current of air which escapes through the chimney, while the air forces its way in through nearly all parts of the building, even through the walls and the roof. All of the materials of an ordinary house, except the iron-work and the glass windows, are pervious to air, and more so than is commonly supposed. Pettenkofer shows that you can blow out a candle through a dry brick, if the experiment be managed so as to concentrate the escaping breath at one point. A square foot of the ordinary lath-and-plaster ceiling allows the passage of one and a half cubic feet per hour of air at 72°, if the air above be at 40°. Look carefully at any old ceiling, and you can see every joist and lath drawn upon it in marks a little whiter than the rest of the ceiling. The marks show that the wood and the plaster together are less pervious than the plaster alone, which has been turned to a darker tint by the long-continued straining out of the impurities of the air which passes through it.

Now in what way are we to introduce pure cold air without creating draughts? If an open fire is used, we shall seldom need any special contrivance; the open fire draws in air by every opening—through door and window chinks, through key-holes, through the walls themselves. Only be sure that the air admitted comes by a clean route, not an unclean one, as when it passes through badly ventilated halls, or from a ground surface that may be foul.

The open fire is a great ventilator. But stoves, furnaces, and hot pipes draw in much less air from without, and provide much less chance for its exit; and when these are used we shall be the better off for some opening specially provided to admit the outer air. "Natural" ventilation, like many other natural arrangements, has great faults; it sends the air creeping along the floor to chill our feet. If we make the artificial opening near the floor, a draught upon our feet is created; if we make it near the ceiling, then there is a draught upon the head. How shall we admit cold air in such a way that there shall be no draught at all? By making the air current ascend as it enters, rising like a fountain, and then falling like spray until it is warmed. This is easily accomplished by either of two simple devices.

The first is to fit a piece of board three inches wide into the bottom of the window. Shut down the lower sash upon the edge of this board, and put up the upper sash; that will leave a narrow chink, just three inches deep, between the two sashes, at the middle of the window. Through this opening the air will pass in, and will be forced directly upward, like a fountain, toward the ceiling, whence it will diffuse itself through the room without striking any one. In very cold weather, either remove the board and make the window tight, or have some narrow lids attached to the top bar of the bottom sash, which you can turn over, and so cover the openings when necessary. If you have to guard against smoke or dust without, a little cotton may be placed between the sashes so as to filter the incoming air; the cotton should be changed often.

The second device consists in making an opening over the door or window into the outer air; in this put a piece of board with the inner end pointing upward. The incoming air is thus sent upward as in the case just described. The board should have *cheeks*, or side pieces, to prevent the air from escaping sidewise and downward; it should not be put too high, else the cold air might rebound directly from the ceiling downward; and it should clear the heads of the occupants. A good height is about seven feet from the floor, unless you chance to have visitors who are taller than this. The "Sherringham valve" is this contrivance made in iron, and provided with strings to regulate the proper degree of opening for the valve.

Still another simple and good contrivance, where a stove is used (though it is a rather unsightly one), is to bring a tin pipe about three inches in diameter from the outer air to a point nearly but not quite over the stove and near the ceiling. The cool air comes in through this, and is warmed and dispersed by the rising current of hot air from the stove. By using either of these devices the draught will be avoided, and one may be sure of getting good ventilation during the coldest weather, if he will pay its necessary price in fuel.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A LAODICEAN," ETC.

II.

THIS time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to—" he began, when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' mer-cy!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

"And on his soul may God ha' mer-cy!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst—whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself—till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him:

"—— circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air, apparently from the direction of the county town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said, quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd, involuntarily. "And surely we've seen him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink, and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the grim songster.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained."

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff! Never mind your staff; the man 'll be gone."

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a-painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him, he might take up me!"

"Now I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable person in cinder-gray. "Now, then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns? I demand it," said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye," said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law. And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye."

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns, and lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—the stranger in cinder-gray.

"Oh! you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake, with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first, confidentially; "and such a night as it is, too! Besides, 'tis the business o' the government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say. I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bed-time."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the mean time the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over the lower cretaceous formation. The "lynchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep, they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished; due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist channel, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely oak, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some hundred years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable, sternly, to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable, impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too.—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Fath—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail to be hung to-morrow morning in a decent proper manner. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty. He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner." And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the other turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house.

"Can't understand it," said the officer, coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one—a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward, after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man, after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true, and yet he's not the man we were in search of; for the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner."

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Anglebury to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it, and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch and clock maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels o' clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate: "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

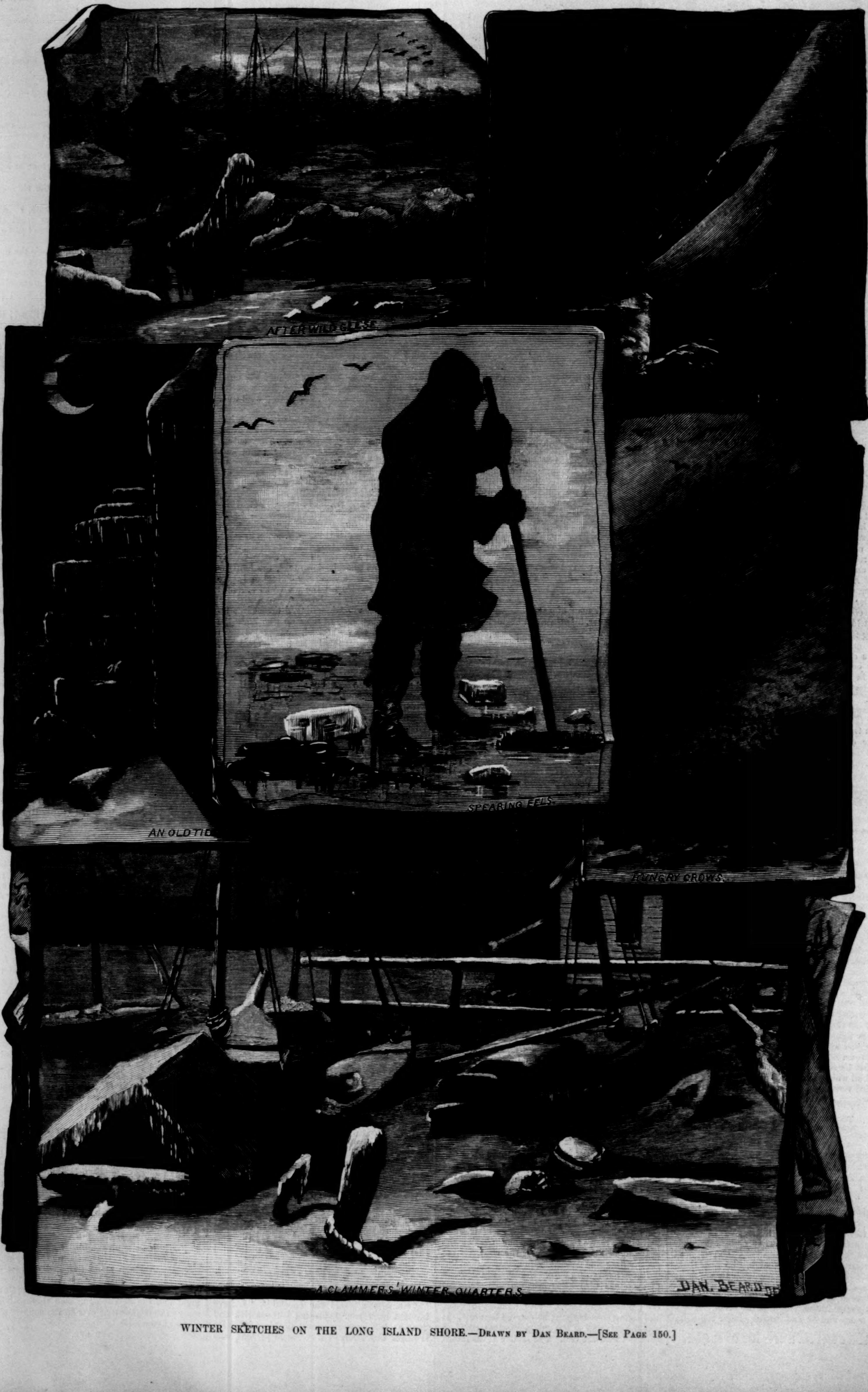
And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another, whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and out-houses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike-roads, but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

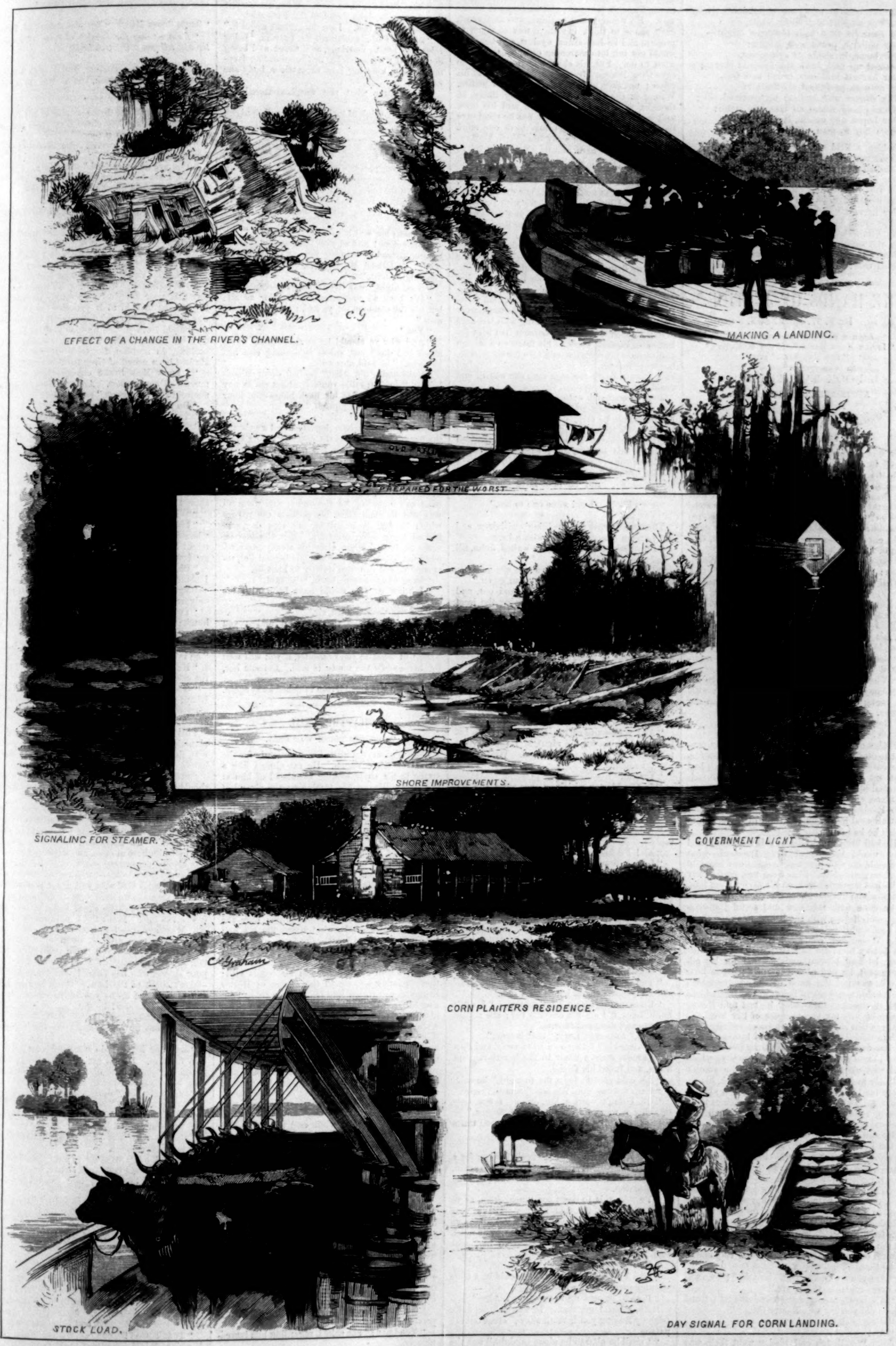
In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all for business purposes the comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they had all met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night and the details connected therewith is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

THE END.


AFTER WILD GEESE
AN OLD TIE
SPEARING EELS
HUNGRY CROWS
A CLAMMERS' WINTER QUARTERS
DAN. BEARD DEL.

WINTER SKETCHES ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.—Drawn by Dan Beard.—[See Page 150.]


EFFECT OF A CHANGE IN THE RIVER'S CHANNEL.
MAKING A LANDING.
PREPARED FOR THE WORST
SHORE IMPROVEMENTS.
SIGNALING FOR STEAMER.
GOVERNMENT LIGHT
CORN PLANTERS RESIDENCE.
STOCK LOAD.
DAY SIGNAL FOR CORN LANDING.

SKETCHES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—By J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 150.]

OUR RIVER.

BY H. H.

Bright blue at noon, our childhood's river,
At eve all soft and silver white,
In June its rims with blossoms bright—
Our childish prizes and delight;
Our home, in shade of sycamores,
Looked up and down the emerald shores;
Our harvest meadows, broad and fair,
In autumn perfumed all the air:
The stream with endless joys seemed rife;
'Twas placid where all else was strife;
Our hopes, our wealth, lay in its life:
From boy to man we loved our river.

Sudden, a livid sea, our river
Came roaring past the sycamore wood;
Crushed like an egg-shell where it stood,
Our house swirled down the seething flood,
Its rafters spinning off like chips,
Its windows wide like parted lips;
Our harvest meadows torn and slung
Like sands in maelstrom eddies flung;
My brother's hands in terror tossed,
In the same second swallowed, lost,
Where boiling torrents swept and crossed—
Good God! And we had loved that river!

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETURN TO THE FARM.

It was a weird scene, worthy of a painter's pencil in that hour; the rugged, uncouth man with the red light upon his face, stooping and examining the things he had unearthed, and holding them close to the old lantern for that purpose; the tall figure of the farmer keenly watching him; the gaunt ribs of the wreck rising above them like grim, unshapely witnesses; the dark night closing them in, and the bright stars, like eyes of fire, looking down upon them.

"Bury them again, Fladge," said John Woodhatch: "they are better where they are."

Fladge looked up surprised and discomfited.

"Why, what was the use—"

"Put them back," said Woodhatch, gruffly. "I was curious to know they were there, that was all."

"It's your spud," cried Fladge, "with the name burnt into the handle—I recollect—"

"Recollect nothing, and say nothing," interrupted Woodhatch, sternly.

"Where's Greg?" asked Fladge, as if even his slow comprehension had connected his task with the young man whom he had seen last with the master.

"Gone back."

"Oh!"

Fladge asked no more questions; he was content to do the farmer's bidding, to betray no further curiosity, to forget even the task which had been set him, if he could. John Woodhatch watched him as he shovelled back the sand into its place, and when the task was finished it was only Reuben Fladge's half whoop of exultation that aroused him from the train of thought into which he had fallen.

He had been wondering how it would end, and what would become of Greg Dorward—what he should do with him, and in what way he could be of service to him, bad as Greg was, desperately as he had struggled to keep his secret from him, and proclaim himself above reproach. What was to be done with this new and awful failure—this young fellow with the hangman's rope about his neck and the sin of murder on his soul? He, John Woodhatch, could not betray him—would not betray him: he had shared his home with Greg, he had plotted and planned for his advancement, he had placed implicit trust in him, and it was not the hand of the master which should shut every ray of light away. He had had such thoughts as these when he had told Hester Brake he was not the avenger of her brother's death, when the thought had come awfully close to him that Greg had struck that brother down. Of late days he had loved this Greg Dorward like a son; there were traits of character in Greg which had won upon him strangely, and the youth's aptitude in learning, his energy for work, his respect for him, his love of a son for him almost, had all drawn a lonely man's heart-strings more closely round him than John Woodhatch had guessed until this terrible discovery.

He did not think of Morris Brake deeply, or of the justice which should stand first before all thought of others. It was himself in Greg's place which he sketched in lurid colors—and it was Greg's safety which, in his heart, he was considering. He could make allowance for the wild, desperate nature of the boy whom he had tried to save; he had brought him down to Lincolnshire marked "Dangerous"; he had received him from Fretwell's hands with many a warning of the risk he ran; and this was the awful yet natural outcome of it. This was the very end of it, he thought.

"Are you ready, Fladge?" he asked; "we will go home together, if you are."

"All right, master," answered Fladge; "and where did you say was Master Greg?"

"Gone back."

"Ah!—yes."

John Woodhatch and Fladge went their way over the sands, but at a slower pace than Greg and the master had adopted in coming to the village of Skegs Shore. There were leaden weights to the farmer's feet now, and he lingered by the way. He wanted time to think, and this great, dark space to think in: there was so much to prepare and be fore-armed against, and his ideas would not fall into marching order as they were wont to do. Yes, his chief thought was how to save Greg Dorward from the consequences of his crime; not how to bring a murderer to justice. Wrong in the sight of Heaven, very likely, he thought, with his hands clinched and his brow knit in his agony of meditation, but he must save the lad at any risk. Let him have one more chance, if possible, and away from Farm Forlorn. Greg had striven hard, and by much duplicity, to conceal his crime; but the stake he had played for was his life, and John Woodhatch would not condemn him without mercy. Let others do that, not he. He was neither judge nor executioner.

He passed into the farm-house with the same perplexed expression on his face, and those within thought it was the death of Hester Brake which had cast so deep a shadow on him. They could not guess he had almost forgotten that night she was dead—that she had ever lived—in the trouble which her dying words had brought to him.

Lucy was sitting at the table listening to her father's reading from the Bible, and Parson Larcom was reading very intently and in a loud voice. In the background stood Mrs. Chadderton, hardly an attentive listener, and fidgeting with the keys hanging at her waist. Mr. Larcom had sent for her, as an especial mark of his favor on a solemn and memorable occasion, and also for Kitty, who, however, had not put in an appearance, but had sent down a hasty message that she was ill and could not come.

John Woodhatch entered brusquely, and with but scant measure of respect for Mr. Larcom's Bible-reading, he said,

"Where's Greg?"

Mrs. Chadderton answered for the assembled company, and just as the preacher had begun another verse:

"He has not been seen since he left the house with you, sir. But he may have gone to his room."

"Very likely. Send some one to see."

"Yes, sir."

The housekeeper not unwillingly withdrew, and Mr. Larcom closed his Bible with a bang.

"I'm thinking ye might have waited, John, till I had feenished."

"There is no guessing when you are going to finish, Alec," said Woodhatch; "but go on."

"Not with people tramping in and out, and sending messages, and nobody paying the least attention to the blessed Garspel. Why should I waste my breath?" said Mr. Larcom.

"Ah! yes—exactly," replied John Woodhatch, absently; then he crossed his arms and fell into a fresh train of thought until Mrs. Chadderton returned.

"Mr. Dorward has not come back, sir," she announced.

"He is busy, I know. He has much to do," said John Woodhatch. "What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock," was the reply.

"Ah! yes—quite early. Should he return before you lock up for the night, Mrs. Chadderton, tell him I am sitting in this room. Waiting for him," he added.

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Chadderton withdrew once more, and Mr. Larcom began quietly to fill his long clay pipe, and to stare meanwhile at his host.

"Are ye going to sit up, John?" he asked.

"A little later than usual, perhaps," was the reply.

"Ah! I'll keep ye company, then."

"I don't require any company. I fancy I am best alone to-night," he answered.

Alec Larcom did not take the hint, if it were a hint, that was conveyed in this absent fashion. He lighted his pipe carefully, puffed out the smoke, and regarded John Woodhatch with keen scrutiny. Lucy had already risen, seeing more clearly that the farmer wished to be alone.

"I am going up to Kitty. If I should not return again, good-night, John," she said.

"Good-night, Lucy."

"You must not grieve too much for your loss," she said, as she shook hands with him.

"I am not grieving," he replied. "I don't know, Lucy, if I am not envying her; she is past all care and disappointments."

"Yes," answered Lucy, "that is true."

She kissed her father and went away, and Parson Larcom drew a chair to the hearth-rug, sat down, and faced his friend.

"It's cold enough for a fire to-night," he said.

"I am warm. And it's late," was the reply.

"Oh, I don't want a fire, John. I was only thinking it was cold for the end of August," he remarked. "But then these are cold, sad times for all of us."

"Yes, that's true."

John Woodhatch did not speak further for a considerable period; would not have spoken again, perhaps, had not his friend once more attracted his attention.

"Ye take this to heart too much, John, as ye take everything, for that matter. That's yeer failing," said Mr. Larcom; "and, after all, as ye imply, she's better off. It was a warld of much pain and many tiresome fancies to her, poor soul."

"Yes."

"And I'm thinking, John, we should be a trifle warmer with a little whaskey."

"It shall be sent up to your room, Alec."

"Ay, when I go, then. It wouldn't be quite friendly leaving you here all alone," observed the parson.

"I shall be glad to be alone to-night," was the frank admission; "I am no fit company for any living soul."

"Is there not the will to read?" said Mr. Larcom, after a preliminary cough.

"What will?"

"Miss Brake's, to be sure. Why, it's terribly dazed ye seem, John," replied the Methodist.

"Let the will rest. I am not curious about it."

"Ay, but I am," exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "being related to her by marriage, as it were; and being doobtful if it's a senseeble or Christian-like document, John, knowing how eccentric a body she was."

"No matter what she was," muttered the farmer.

"Ye don't think of looking at the will to-night, then?"

"No."

"There may be notions in it as to her funeral," suggested Mr. Larcom; "it's a foolish custom to defer opening people's wills, and so burying folk sometimes clean contrary to instructions. Haven't ye known that more than once, John, to occur?"

"Her instructions as to her funeral I took down this day in writing, and at her request," said Woodhatch. "They are very simple. And after the funeral her will is to be read, she adds."

"Grawcious! and why couldn't ye say as much before, instead of keeping me out of my lawful rest?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom. "I'll bid ye a good-night, John."

"Good-night," was the deep-voiced response.

"It's been an uncomfortable day for us all; but it's the common lot, ye know as well as most men."

"Yes."

"And why ye should be so desperately upset about it I don't see, unless something else has happened," he said, shrewdly.

"Good-night, old Alec," replied John Woodhatch; "don't trouble yourself about me in any way. Every man has his dark hour—the hour when he is better by himself."

"Ay—yes."

And then Mr. Larcom departed, and was heard the instant afterward in the corridor giving elaborate instructions about his whiskey before he went up-stairs to his room.

John Woodhatch listened to Mr. Larcom's distant voice and his receding footsteps on the old brass-bound stairs, as if to make sure the Methodist was departing for the night; and when all was still he took from his pockets the papers which he had been writing out that day, and looked them over carefully. Mrs. Chadderton came in, retired again after his steady stare toward her, closed the door sharply behind her, reopened it, and returned swiftly to his side.

"Greg has not come back," she said.

"I know it. He would have been with me else. When he—"

"He will never return, sir."

"Ha! Who says that? What makes you think that?"

"He has written a line to Kitty," she replied; "she will come to you presently, if you will wait for her—when the house is still. Console her, sir, if you can; pray do."

And then Mrs. Chadderton vanished away again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN THE HOUSE WAS STILL.

John Woodhatch waited very patiently for the arrival of Kitty Vanch. He sat almost like a statue in his chair, looking far ahead of him at the possibilities of life, tracing on the down-hill road the figure of the boy whom he had seen first at Fretwell's, coming from the darkness to the light. And now from light to darkness back again!

The master of Farm Forlorn did not adopt his old habit of pacing the full limits of the room; he had not the energy of thought that night to keep him moving; he was as one very weary, even utterly disheartened.

The house *was* still, but Kitty Vanch was long in coming to him. It was still as the grave within—as the dead woman above-stairs; only the far-off moaning of the wind across the sea and fen-land was heard beyond the farm, like a wail over the lost cause, the last failure of the man who had tried to do too much.

He sat with some papers in his hands still; those relating strictly to the affairs of Hester Brake he had thrust into his pocket; those relating to Greg Dorward, to Hester Brake's written history of how she had tracked the crime out, were still within his hands, clutched tightly, as if in fear of losing them. He had read them over and over again; he had committed them to memory against his will; but the facts were corrosive, and burned themselves in; *he* should never forget them, and he did not care for any one else to hear of them, much less remember them.

Presently the door opened noiselessly, and Kitty Vanch crept in, looking more like a ghost than Kitty Vanch, so white and solemn a face was it in that hour of their meeting.

"Well, Kitty," he said, in almost his old tones, "what has kept you up so late to-night? And why are you anxious to see me?"

"Oh, you know, sir," answered Kitty at once—"you know too well."

"What do I know?"

He was on his guard to the last. It might be that Kitty knew not anything of what had actually happened, and Greg had told her nothing which could account truly for his departure. It would be like Greg—it would be wise.

"You know Greg has gone away," she exclaimed, dropping into the chair facing him, and looking as tired and weary as himself, "and that it is forever."

"He has not come back, but I have been expecting him."

"You have?" she asked, regarding him incredulously.

"Yes."

"Read that."

She opened her hand, in which had been crumpled a scrap of paper, and John Woodhatch took it from her, smoothed it out, and read these hastily scrawled pencil lines:

"Skegs Shore Railway Station, *August* 27, 18—.

"*I am leaving for London at once. The master will tell you all. Good-by.*"

There was no signature, and it was not addressed to Kitty Vanch, but it was in Greg's handwriting unmistakably.

"How did you get this?"

"I found it on the dressing-table of my room," said Kitty; "Greg had climbed up from the outside, I think, and put it there."

"Very likely," answered John Woodhatch, returning it to her.

"You are not surprised," said Kitty.

"No, I am not surprised," was the reply. "I thought he would go away—if not to-night."

"And—why?" asked Kitty.

"It is important he should go to London. Business—"

Kitty leaned forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I will not deceive you, sir, and I don't want you to try and deceive me. I know everything."

"What do you know, my poor Kitty?" asked John Woodhatch. To the last he would not betray this poor shred of a secret which was left. He seemed to hold to it jealously, as though it was his own—as though his interest in screening a criminal from justice was far greater than his doctrine of atonement. He would acknowledge nothing, do nothing, for Greg Dorward's sake. He had been proud of Greg till this hour.

"I know Miss Brake charged him with the murder of her brother. And you wrote down all she said this afternoon," said Kitty.

"Do you think it is true?"

"Yes," answered Kitty; "Greg does not deny it."

"And I was to tell you all, he said?"

"Yes," repeated Kitty once more, "if you will. See, I am quite prepared. Very strong, sir, to hear any bad news, and to meet any bad news."

"It has been a terrible day, and it closes terribly," said John Woodhatch; "but to you, girl, it should be a bright beginning."

"Why?" cried Kitty, with her eyes ablaze now.

"This is an escape for you," was the answer; "he might have been your husband, and the truth might have come years hence, when you could not get from it."

"Oh! if it had been," exclaimed Kitty, "then I should have been with him—shared his trials—fought his battles—kept him strong! If it had only happened later on even, at any cost to me!"

"You were fond of him, then?" inquired Woodhatch; "you did not leave him because you had forgotten how to love him?"

"He was everything to me then," said Kitty; "he is everything now."

"He is the murderer of Morris Brake," came the solemn answer back.

"God forgive him!—yes, that may be," cried Kitty; "but it must have been in self-defense, after some insult or blow. It was not murder, I am sure."

This was the echo of Greg's own hurried explanation of the crime, told on the dark sands, with the stars for witnesses, thought John Woodhatch. And it was so very near the truth.

"Still, he killed Morris," said the farmer, thoughtfully, "and the law will not forgive him."

"It was five years ago, when he was only a lad—a wild, desperate boy, who had seen you for a day or two, not longer, and was afraid of you," she cried. "He never had his chance, sir; the evil met him here at once, and mastered him—he was always passionate and violent and mad—he would only listen to me—he had never known what good was, what God was, and at the Reformatory he had only met with hard masters and hard words. He *had* no chance—he never had a chance until it was too late. Don't think too cruelly of him, Mr. Woodhatch—for God's sake don't turn against him now, and set them all in search of him. Think what you were yourself—what might have become of you! Don't hang this poor sinner, who has shared your home and life—don't think of the Law. Think how he loved you and looked up to you as his model always. And he did! he did! he did!"

She was kneeling at his feet now; it was with difficulty that he roused her from her suppliant posture.

"My poor Kitty, I do not need your intercession for him. I shall not stir one step in this," he said; "the Hands of Justice I might try to drag him from—never to put him into."

"God bless you!" murmured Kitty.

"It is not justice," he added, "but then I am not a just man. She should have told Alec Larcom had she wanted justice."

"Did she wish him hanged, sir?" asked Kitty, in a terrified whisper.

"No. She left it to me to act. She had forgotten what I had been in my time, or what Greg Dorward had become to me. And I act thus, Kitty."

He walked to the lamp and held the papers over the flame, Kitty watching, with her hands pressed upon her heart.

"That is the story—of it all?" she gasped forth.

"Yes—and thus it ends," he said.

Together they watched the papers consume and shrivel away to scraps of tinder, which fell upon the table cover, and the fire of which left in them here and there was extinguished by the broad, hard hand of the master. Kitty stole to the door and looked out, listened, and came back again.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, when John Woodhatch had completed his task.

"And now," he said, "what next?"

"Ah! what next? We must wait till we hear from him again, as I am sure we shall," said Kitty.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"As I am sure we shall not," answered Woodhatch, "and as it is best we should not."

"I pray we may—and soon," cried Kitty.

"No, no. He must pass away now from your life as from mine," said John Woodhatch. "He has deceived us all—and there's an end of him."

"No, no."

"We have spared him, but he is unworthy of us. He belongs not to us ever again. Try and think that," said Mr. Woodhatch.

"He belongs to me to the end, sir," murmured Kitty. She stooped and kissed his hand, as if in gratitude and reverence, and then went silently from the room.

John Woodhatch did not follow her. He sat down in his old place, and thought it all over once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"GODSPEED."

No, this was not the end of it. Let him talk as he would, plan as he might, the end of all interest in Greg Dorward, and of Greg Dorward's life, had not come to pass simply because he had pronounced it so. He would have deceived Kitty Vanch into this belief; he was trying hard, but vainly, to deceive himself with it; but the boy from Fretwell's remained foremost in his thoughts. What had become of him? In the future what would become of him? Would the vain, persistent, calculating character of Greg stand him in good stead now, set apart from all his friends, and beginning life afresh without them all? Could he forget them easily and start again without much thought concerning them? Would he be callous or sorry? Was he devoid of feeling, or possessed of a deeper feeling than any one had guessed at? What was the natural character of such a man as he, who for five years had so completely baffled them, who, from his youth upward, had played so terrible a part, and with never a one the wiser, save old Spikins? Might there not be truth—had it not the clear ring of truth about it?—in the statement made upon the sands that it was the death of Morris Brake which had altered Greg's life for the better? A horrible moral, but surely a grim truth in it. John Woodhatch understood this, if no one else did. A better, stronger life had followed the murder at Skegs Shore—a something like repentance, perhaps; who could tell?

"I will atone for this till the end of my days!" That had been Greg Dorward's motto—he had owned to it; and John Woodhatch, with a clearer light upon the case, could see in what way it had shaped Greg's career. It had not made Greg a sad or a religious man; it had not troubled him so very much, this crime. Years hence he would have learned almost to forget it, to set it so much apart from the current of his life as to regard it as a something appertaining to a past which was scarcely his own.

The days seemed to drag on painfully enough at Farm Forlorn; everybody appeared to have dropped into the old waiting, expectant attitude, and no one would have guessed the storm had already broken forth by the white, calm faces flitting through the house.

On the coming Wednesday Miss Brake would be buried in Skegs Shore church-yard with her brother, and till that day let the dead rest—the dead woman and her wishes, the dead hopes of more than hers, the dead, dry promises of many things which had had their birth under the old roof-tree.

John Woodhatch would not disturb at present the false peace of the farm; he would say nothing to Lucy about the discovery of her husband's murderer; after the funeral he would tell her the whole story, and beg her to forgive Greg, as Greg, truly penitent, craved to be forgiven by her whose life his mad act had shadowed. And, reasoned John Woodhatch, supposing Lucy, this obdurate Lucy, and her father, looked very naturally at the facts in a different and sterner light, and craved for vengeance, or justice which might be akin to vengeance, why, Greg would have had time to get away.

Always that strange wish at the bottom of his heart to secure the safety of Greg Dorward, the boy he had brought up, the man whose career he had shaped out, and who had shown such promise. God desert him in his hour of need if this young life should end at the gallows foot! thought Woodhatch. That should not be the end of it, after all his efforts. He swore that, with a heavy frown upon his face, and his big hands clinched together. "He was deserving of more reward than that," he exclaimed, defiantly, and even profanely; he was the scapegoat of it all, and life was as unprofitable to him now as was the moral wreckage which misfortune had cast at his feet.

If it were not for Kitty Vanch he should lose all hope in human kind, he thought, at this disturbed epoch of his life; he should disbelieve in the possibility of doing good, of altering human character and nature, of sowing and rearing on the barren rock, and seeing the result in fair green blades of promise; he should believe only in grim Fate and hereditary instincts, of the power of darkness to bring forth darkness after its kind, but nothing brighter or better, or with a single gleam of God's sunshine on it ever.

No one appeared interested or surprised at Gregory Dorward's sudden absence from the farm; the plea of business away had been accepted by Lucy and her father as a matter of course, and there were many matters occupying the minds of the minister and his daughter just then. It seemed that John Woodhatch and Kitty bore the brunt of it all, with the shadowy figure of Mrs. Chadderton watching them with keen interest from the background of her silent life, an important factor to be accounted for when least expected by these two.

John Woodhatch was a very early riser, we know; but on coming down on the Monday morning he was surprised to find Kitty dressed and waiting for him—dressed as if for a journey, and with a deep black veil thrown back from her sad young face.

"What is it now?" he asked, harshly, like a man irritated by surprises; "why are you masquerading about in this way, Kitty?"

"I am going away," she answered, very calmly.

"Going away!" he repeated, like a man in a dream; "and directly?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"To find Greg."

John Woodhatch's broad brow contracted at this answer; he had not bargained for Kitty's acting in any way contrary to the wishes he had already expressed. Greg had been screened, had been assisted to escape; but there was an end to him, for all that. He had said so; and now this slight, fragile woman faced him with a determination contrary to his, and opposed to him in every particular.

"You can not find him," he muttered; "and it would be madness if you could."

"I will make the trial. I am quite resolved, sir," she said, firmly; "and I am very, very sorry if you wish me to remain. But go I must."

"There is no reason for haste, or foolish mystery," exclaimed Woodhatch; "you only attract suspicion by acting in this way. You know that."

"Ay, but how is it to be helped?"

"By appearing for a time more like yourself," he replied; "by waiting patiently, by— Kitty," he cried, in a sharper tone, "you have heard from Greg again. I am sure of it."

Kitty had turned paler, but she did not flinch from the gaze of the master. She only drew her dark mantle closer round her shoulders, as though the early morning air felt bleak and raw, and said, in a low voice,

"Yes, I have heard."

"When?"

"Late last night."

"Where is the message? Where is he? What does he want? Why does he write to you, and take no heed of me?" he asked, hurriedly.

Kitty clasped her hands together and looked away from him at last.

"I can not answer your questions," she replied. "In mercy's name, sir, let me keep faith with him."

"And break it with me?"

"God forbid that—always," answered Kitty.

"But you do that now; you are sure of it yourself," said Mr. Woodhatch, "when you side with him against me. You turn like all the rest of them. I am not deserving man's or woman's confidence."

"Oh, dear master," urged Kitty, "do not look upon it in this awful light. But let me go, and say godspeed to me."

"You are going to your doom, child, when you go to such as he is," he answered.

"I do not mind that. And if it is to be so, why, for his sake," said Kitty, "I will go willingly enough."

"For his sake?"

"Yes."

"And after all—in his selfishness and trouble—he asks you to come to him, and leave me here?" said Woodhatch.

"No, no; he does not ask me to come," answered Kitty; "I am going against his wish as well as yours."

"Why, then—"

"And I am going to save him, if I can. I was always his friend, you know," she added, with a new excitement suddenly exerting itself; "and I am going to stand his friend again, if he will have me, as I think he will."

"Where is he?"

Kitty hesitated for a moment again, and then replied to him:

"At Bolter's Rents, where he has been tempted to return so many times by the impulse of the evil that was in him. He is with them all; he is back again in their midst, he who fought his way so well from them, and now to come to this at last. Ah, sir," she cried, "you will not stop me now, I am sure!"

"Yes, I would."

"I am sorry," was the answer, "but—I must go."

"To Bolter's Rents—where the bad life would begin again, whence no good can ever spring—where Greg will stay."

"Trust me," was all that Kitty could respond.

"I have lost trust in every living thing," replied John Woodhatch, "as completely as every human soul has lost all trust in me. So it must be now to the end."

"You do not know everything, sir—you—"

"Show me the letter you have received!" he demanded, suddenly.

"I can not," she murmured; "I have destroyed it."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said, and turned as if to leave her. She stopped his progress.

"I am going away, sir. Is there any message for Greg?"

"There is money waiting for his passage abroad—when he writes to me for it. Tell him that if you will."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Good-by, sir. If you would only say godspeed to me before I go away, I should feel the stronger woman," said Kitty, "for I am not ungrateful—not unmindful of all the good you have tried to do—not, not wholly undeserving, pray believe me."

He stood regarding her very sternly still; her appeal was lost on him, her wish to get away from him, to go back to Greg and Greg's life, was only too apparent. Before he could reply—if he had ever intended a reply to this strange, impulsive girl—there came between them, dressed also as for a journey, the grave figure of the housekeeper.

John Woodhatch broke into a rough unseemly laugh at this.

"What! another departure from the plague-stricken home!" he exclaimed—"only one more!"

"Yes, Mr. Woodhatch. Has she not told you?"

"No."

"I am going away with her," said Mrs. Chadderton; "it is my duty, you will see, sir. It is the duty which you will not try to check me in, knowing what she is, and what I am."

"Have you told her—"

"That I am her mother?—yes," was the reply, as she drew Kitty's hand within her arm, "and she does not shrink from me. She will trust me very soon."

"Ah! well," said John Woodhatch, very bitterly, "it is right mother and daughter should go together in life—it is more than right in this case, I suppose. I don't know. I don't understand, and I have given up all guessing."

"But—"

"What did you ask me to say just now, Kitty?" he inquired.

"To say godspeed," she said, very earnestly and solicitously.

"Yes, yes, so it was. Well—God speed you two women on your way from Farm Forlorn, and God help you both at Bolter's Rents!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH.

Oh, what a petulant child is the season,
Beaming one moment and laughing the next,
Pleased without rhyme and enraged without reason,
Mollified scarcely, again he is vexed!

Who ever heard such a shrieking and blowing?
Yet there's the sun in a positive glare;
Just as the world in its gold light is glowing,
Down comes a great dash of snow through the air.

Spite of his sunshine, we're ready to flout him,
Flout this unmannerly month and his moods;
Spite of his temper, we can't do without him;
Deep in his stormy breast coming peace broods.

So, when our ten-year-old Tom is unruly,
Trying our patience from morning till night,
We can believe—and I hope not unduly—
Promise of better things, days out of sight.

Kerr Goodwin.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The effectiveness of the razor as a weapon is believed to have been discovered by the negroes of this country. In late years it has been adopted by many of the Italians in New York who had previously cherished a preference for the stiletto. The impression has prevailed that the razors employed as weapons were old ones which had come to that base use through successive steps of degradation, being used surreptitiously by small boys for sharpening slate-pencils, and afterward by heads of families for removing the superfluous cuticle from pedal excrescences. But it appears that in Sheffield, England, where the monopoly of razor-making is held, a kind of razor especially designed for belligerents is manufactured. The London *Times* says that this razor is sent to the United States in large numbers, and describes it as being "very loose in the blade, which can be suddenly thrown back and held between the fingers for a dash at the face."

Within the past ten months the value of Manila pearl shells, used in hafting cutlery and other goods, has increased from about $800 a ton in the London market to $1200 a ton. In three years the price of ivory has risen at least one hundred per cent.

The Panama *Star and Herald* suggests that perhaps some of the vessels which have sailed away never to return to land were sunk by meteors, and mentions a recent narrow escape of the United States war vessel *Alaska*. One day while at sea, a few minutes after sunset, those on board heard a loud rushing noise, and saw a meteor of great brilliancy descend and burst when within some ten degrees of the horizon. It left a figure like an immense distaff, all aglow with a bluish-white light, which took the form of a spiral line, and then gradually disappeared.

The scheme for establishing an "express line" of fast steel steam-ships between this country and England, to carry passengers only, and to make the voyage in five or six days, has been abandoned. It is noteworthy that the demands of freight traffic have thus far been the incentive which has produced the swiftest steam-ships. The most notable achievements in this line have resulted from the rivalry in bringing the new tea crops from China to England. The rivalry has extended, in a considerable degree, to this port, some of the closest steam-ship races having been kept up from the other side of the globe, around through the Suez Canal, and to New York.

The manager of a Western railway with Florida connections estimates that there are thirty thousand Northern people now in that State. A correspondent of the Hartford *Times* writes that there are three seasons in Florida—the orange, vegetable, and invalid season—and that the last-named is the most profitable to the Floridians.

After about a year of interchange of communications the diplomates of Yale and Harvard colleges have come to terms with respect to their annual boat-race. Last year the Yale boat was the longer, and the question was whether, in the coming race, the boats should start with sterns even or bows even, and whether the finish should be made by bows or sterns. The result of the correspondence and conferences is an agreement that the shells shall be started with even waists, and that the boat which carries its middle across the line first shall be declared the winner. In horse-racing it is the rule to start and finish by noses; but in view of the Yale-Harvard agreement perhaps the unlettered authorities of the turf will take into consideration the different lengths of horses, and decide that hereafter they must start and finish by middles.

An enthusiastic newspaper worker was Samuel Medill, the managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who died recently of consumption at Quincy. After eagerly looking over the Chicago morning papers that were brought to his bed on the last day of his life, he smiled and said, "Our boys have beat them on the Braidwood business." These were almost his last words.

Suggestion for Cincinnati and Louisville: The great flood at Bristol, England, last fall, is to be commemorated by forty ornamental lamp-posts, the heights of the lamps varying to correspond to the level reached by the water at various points.

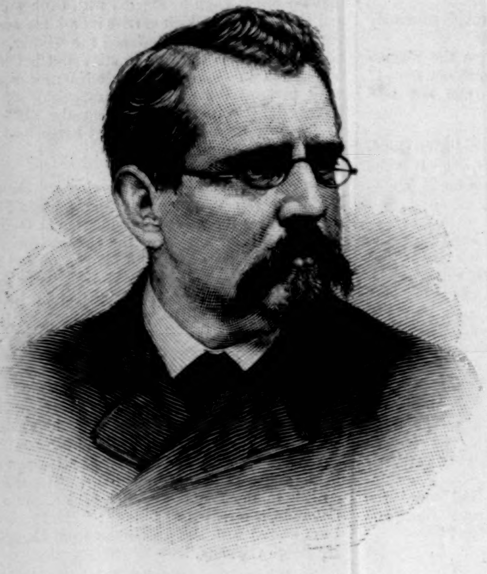
Even millionaires are not always self-possessed in the midst of new surroundings. The maiden speech in the Senate-chamber of Mr. Tabor, of Colorado, is reported as follows: "Mr. President, I am paired with the gentleman from Hampton, Mr. South Carolina."

The Irish question seems to be, Who is No. 1? Perhaps the answer is No one.

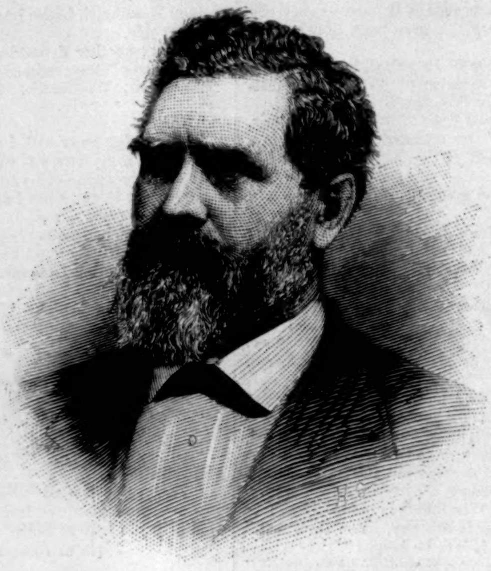
By the death of his father, the late Prince Charles of Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles comes into possession of an income which will be an acceptable addition to the rather limited means which he has had at his command. He receives about $3,000,000 in cash, and the usufruct of several estates, besides most of the art collections of his father, a magnificent armory, a stud of eighty horses, and a famous pack of bloodhounds. The palace in which his father resided on the Wilhelmsplatz in Berlin belongs to the Crown-Fiscus, but has been granted to Prince Frederick Charles. He is to engage the court and household of his father. The late Prince Charles left a fortune of some $6,750,000 in money, $750,000 of which is to be devoted to charitable purposes. Prince Frederick Charles is the father of the Duchess of Connaught.

It is told of Doré the artist that one day at Ischl he made an exquisitely pretty sketch of a scene at a peasant's wedding, and left his album in the pocket of his paletot when he went to dinner on returning to his hotel. After dinner the album was not to be found, and Doré retired furious. On the next day he received a parcel, and a letter in which the anonymous author wrote: "Sir,—Knowing you would not sell your album, I robbed you of it (the last sketch of yours being quite irresistible); but in order that you should not take me for a common thief, I beg your acceptance of the accompanying 'traveller's staff.'" The parcel contained a gold-headed cane, ornamented with precious stones. Doré never learned the name of the giver.

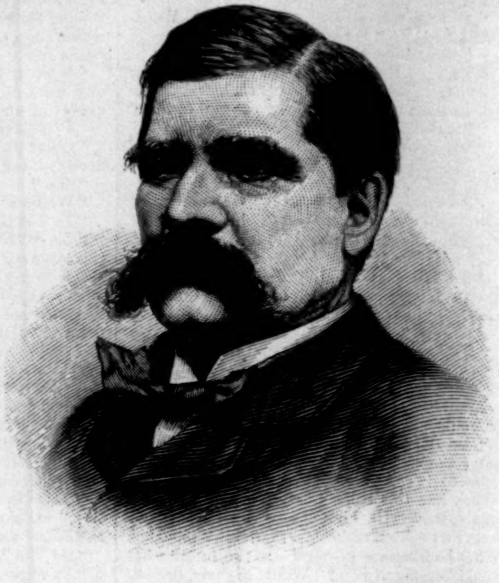
An interesting part of the story of the second and last arctic voyage of Mr. Leigh Smith's yacht *Eira* was told recently at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in a paper written by Mr. Smith and read by Dr. Neale, who was the physician with the expedition. There were twenty-five men on board the *Eira*. The object of the expedition was to extend the knowledge as to the coasts of Franz-Josef Land acquired in the course of a voyage made in the previous year. Franz-Josef Land was sighted on July 23, 1881. In August the hope of being able to proceed in search of the *Jeannette* was cut off by the ice. On the 21st of that month, while the *Eira* was lying near Bell Island, protected by a grounded iceberg from the pack-ice which was drifting into the bay, the berg gave way, and the yacht was crushed by the ice, and sunk in sixty-six feet of water. Before she sank a quantity of provisions was rescued from the vessel. The men set about building a hut of turf and stone. They suffered greatly from the cold, even at that season of the year. In the course of the fall twenty-one bears, thirteen walrus, and about twelve hundred loons were shot, the men being aided in the hunt by a black retriever, Bob, which had been taken from England by the explorers. A canary-bird found the weather too severe, and died on New-Year's Eve. All the coal was used by January 8, and from that time the only fuel was blubber. The breakfast of the men while in this camp consisted of ten pounds of bear and walrus meat cut up and made into soup with vegetables, with a pint of tea for each man. For dinner they had bear and walrus stew with dumplings, and for supper meat-and-vegetable soup and tea. A glass of rum was served to each man an hour after tea, and on Saturdays there was an extra allowance of grog. The men did not succeed in saving any lime juice when the vessel went down. Several musical instruments were saved, and on Christmas Eve and New-Year's Eve there were grand dinners, followed by concerts. There was not much total darkness. Even on the shortest day of the year there was about four hours' twilight. The auroras resembled thin clouds lighted up by the moon, which was out of sight only ten days in each month. In May the work of making sails for the boats and preparing for the attempt to escape southward was begun, and on June 21 the party took their last meal in the hut in which they had spent nearly ten months. They left half a dozen bottles of champagne "for any one who might call." Then they launched their boats and made sail for the south, to be picked up within a short time by the expedition which had gone in search of them.



GENERAL C. F. MANDERSON, SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEBRASKA.—Photographed by Eaton.



HON. JAMES B. BECK, SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY. Photographed by Bell.



HON. D. M. SABIN, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MINNESOTA. Photographed by Zimmerman.

THREE UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Of the three United States Senators whose portraits are given on this page, Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, is the oldest, having passed threescore years. He now enters upon the fifteenth year of his service in Congress, having been eight in the House and six in the Senate. He was born in Scotland, where he received an academic education. In 1846 he was graduated as a lawyer at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky. He practiced his profession until elected to Congress.

General Manderson, the Senator from Nebraska, is a Philadelphian by birth, and next in age to Mr. Beck. He was born in 1837, and is a lawyer by profession. He served his country during the civil war, and earned the name of being a gallant fighter. He is evidently in favor of civil service reform, judging by a speech made before the Legislature after his election. He said: "I believe there is something higher and nobler in the position of a Senator of the United States than that of being the simple medium through which the patronage of this government shall be dispensed. That is a part of the duty, perhaps, but I look upon it as the meanest part. I certainly do not desire that this high office should become a mere broker shop for the distribution of offices. I see something higher than that, and I will set my aim higher."

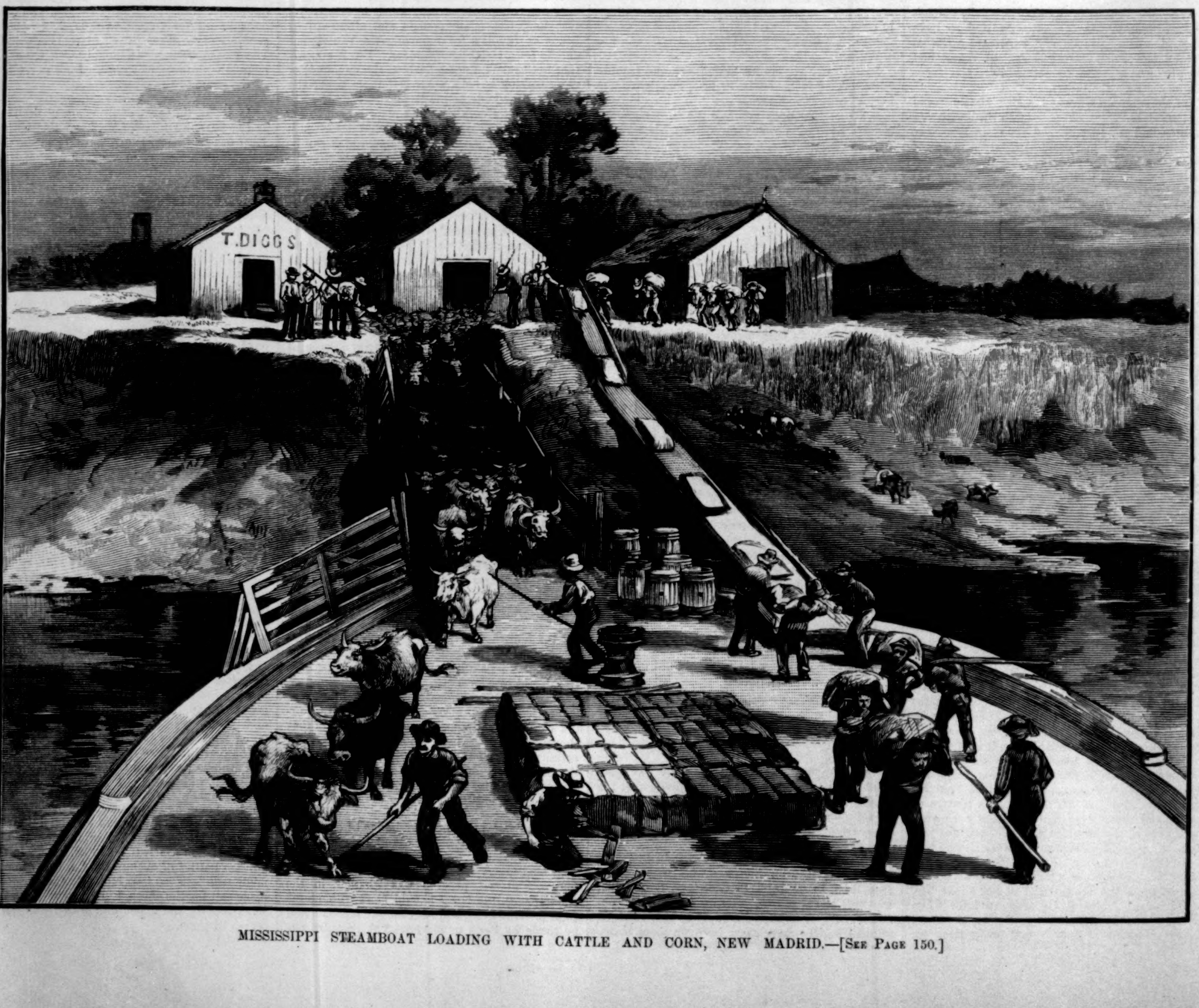
Mr. Sabin, who succeeds Mr. Windom as Senator from Minnesota, is less than forty years old, and is a native of Connecticut. At an early age he went to Illinois, where his father engaged in farming on an extensive scale, but his health failing, he returned to Connecticut, where most of his youth was passed, and where his father died. A few years later Mr. Sabin, having been obliged by ill health to abandon his aspirations for the legal profession, went to Minnesota, and by business shrewdness as a contractor soon acquired a large fortune. He has at present large State-prison contracts, and is said to be worth several millions. About a year ago a Northwestern car-manufacturing company, the most important corporation in the State, was organized, Mr. Sabin being the principal stockholder, president, and manager. He has served several terms in the Legislature. Though not noted as a statesman or an orator, he is one of the shrewdest and most successful political managers in the Northwest. He is a very genial, prepossessing man, and extremely popular with all classes.

STREET BOYS IN NAPLES.

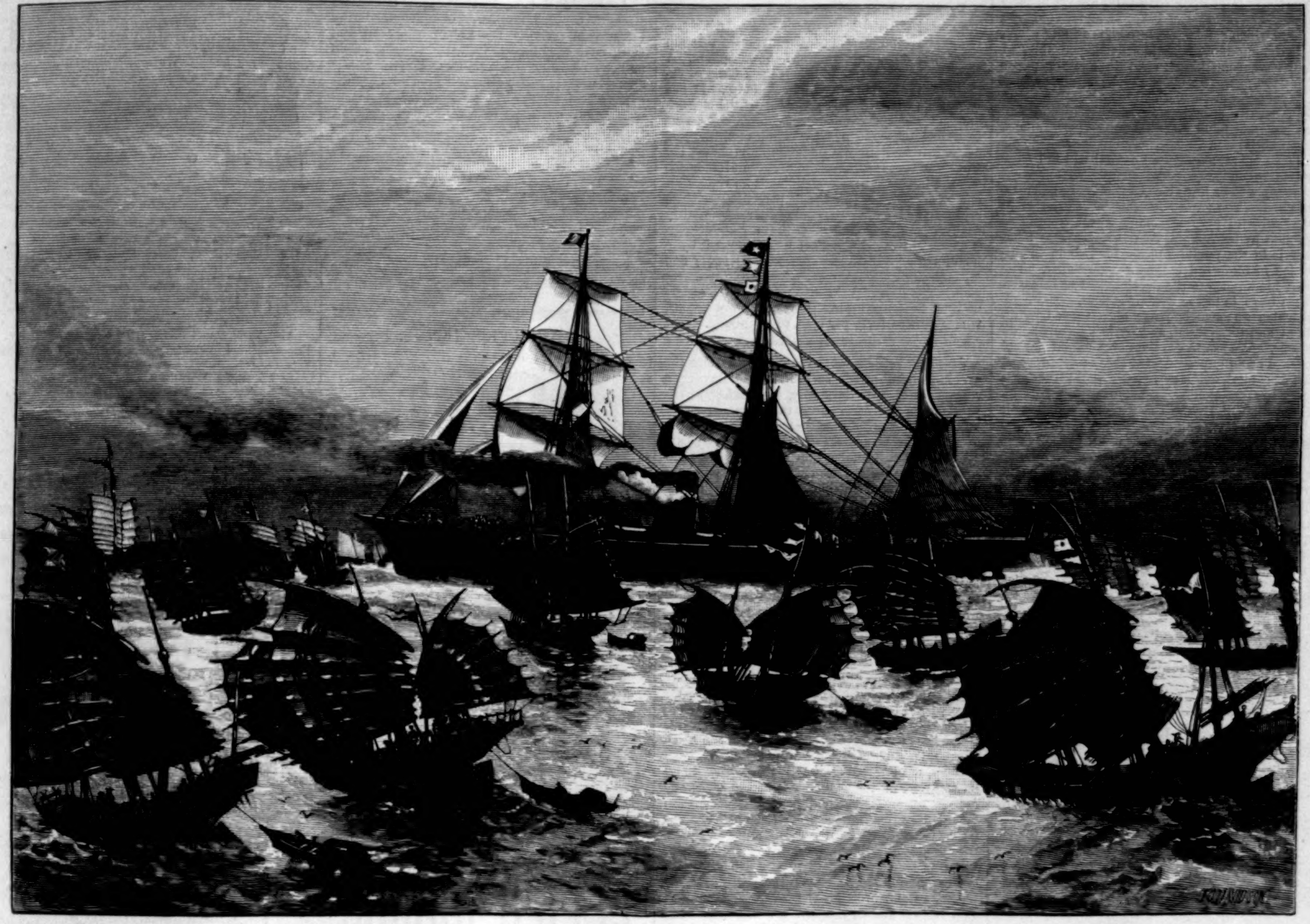
The Neapolitan street urchin is the most *gamin* of all *gamins*, surpassing even his Parisian prototype in his own walk. As a pickpocket he may fairly claim the championship of the world, and the temper of the British paterfamilias is in a chronic state of exasperation during his stay, owing to the daily abstraction of his handkerchief, spectacle case, and other small gear from remote pockets, to which they were too confidingly committed. Detachments of these Arabs haunt the public gardens and other resorts of strangers, tendering for sale *cavalli marini* (skeletons of hippocampus) and similar curiosities, or offering to dive for coins thrown into the sea. In this accomplishment they are as proficient as young eider-ducks, for the profession of *sommozzatori*, or divers, is hereditary in certain families of Santa Lucia, and the physical peculiarities developed by its exercise are transmitted from generation to generation.

An English lady, asking one of these juvenile vagrants why he did not go to school and learn to read and write, received a conclusive though silent answer when he stooped and wrote his name on the ground in unexceptionable characters. He then explained that he attended a night school, and thus combined a polite education with the prosecution of other pursuits by day. The exceptional aptitude for learning of the Neapolitans received a striking proof under the reign of Napoleon, when a new system of post-office management, which took the German officials six weeks to acquire, was mastered in three days by those of Naples.

The lighter avocations of running errands, picking up cigar stumps, and performing antics for the entertainment of foreigners are varied by the Neapolitan *gamin* with others of a more equivocal character, and his career may be described as one of industry tempered by petty larceny. Woe betide the party of tourists incautious enough to leave their rugs and loose wraps in the hood of their carriage! one of the predatory light brigade will infallibly climb up and run off with them before there is time to stop the vehicle. The gains are frequently spent in gaming, which is as strong a passion with these tyros in crime as with their elders. One of the games frequently witnessed in the streets consists in pitching a flat stone at a small pile of nuts or other comestibles—the prize of a successful throw.



MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT LOADING WITH CATTLE AND CORN, NEW MADRID.—[See Page 150.]



A TEA FLEET IN THE CHINA SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

III.

THAT IT IS NOT WICKED TO BE RICH; NAY EVEN, THAT IT IS NOT WICKED TO BE RICHER THAN ONE'S NEIGHBOR.

I have before me a newspaper slip on which a writer expresses the opinion that no one should be allowed to possess more than one million dollars' worth of property. Alongside of it is another slip on which another writer expresses the opinion that the limit should be five millions. I do not know what the comparative wealth of the two writers is, but it is interesting to notice that there is a wide margin between their ideas of how rich they would allow their fellow-citizens to become, and of the point at which they ("the state," of course) would step in to rob a man of his earnings. These two writers only represent a great deal of crude thinking and declaiming which is in fashion. I never have known a man of ordinary common-sense who did not urge upon his sons, from earliest childhood, doctrines of economy, and the practice of accumulation. A good father believes that he does wisely to encourage enterprise, productive skill, prudent self-denial, and judicious expenditure on the part of his son. The object is to teach the boy to accumulate capital. If, however, the boy should read many of the diatribes against "the rich" which are afloat in our literature, if he should read or hear some of the current discussion about "capital," and if, with the ingenuousness of youth, he should take these productions at their literal sense, instead of discounting them as his father does, he would be forced to believe that he was on the path of infamy when he was earning and saving capital. It is worth while to consider which we mean or what we mean. Is it wicked to be rich? Is it mean to be a capitalist? If the question is one of degree only, and it is right to be rich up to a certain point and wrong to be richer, how shall we find the point? Certainly, for practical purposes, we ought to define the point nearer than between one and five millions of dollars.

There is an old ecclesiastical prejudice in favor of the poor and against the rich. In days when men acted by ecclesiastical rules these prejudices produced waste of capital, and helped mightily to replunge Europe into barbarism. The prejudices are not yet dead, but they survive in our society as ludicrous contradictions and inconsistencies. One thing must be granted to the rich: they are good-natured. Perhaps they do not recognize themselves, for a rich man is even harder to define than a poor one. It is not uncommon to hear a clergyman utter from the pulpit all the old prejudice in favor of the poor and against the rich, while asking the rich to do something for the poor, and the rich comply without apparently having their feelings hurt at all by the invidious comparison. We all agree that he is a good member of society who works his way up from poverty to wealth, but as soon as he has worked his way up we begin to regard him with suspicion as a dangerous member of society. A newspaper starts the silly fallacy that "the rich are rich because the poor are industrious," and it is copied from one end of the country to the other as if it were a brilliant apothegm. "Capital" is denounced by writers and speakers who have never taken the trouble to find out what capital is, and who use the word in two or three different senses in as many pages. Labor organizations are formed, not to employ combined effort for a common object, but to indulge in declamation and denunciation, and especially to furnish an easy living to some officers who do not want to work. People who have rejected dogmatic religion, and retained only a residuum of religious sentimentalism, find a special field in the discussion of the rights of the poor and the duties of the rich. We have denunciations of banks, corporations, and monopolies, which denunciations encourage only helpless rage and animosity, because they are not controlled by any definitions or limitations, or by any distinctions between what is indispensably necessary and what is abuse, between what is established in the order of nature and what is legislative error. Think, for instance, of a journal which makes it its special business to denounce monopolies, yet favors a protective tariff, and has not a word to say against trades-unions or patents! Think of public teachers who say that the farmer is ruined by the cost of transportation, when they mean that he can not make any profits because his farm is too far from the market, and who denounce the railroad because it does not correct for the farmer, at the expense of its stockholders, the disadvantage which lies in the physical situation of the farm. Think of that construction of this situation which attributes all the trouble to the greed of "moneyed corporations." Think of the piles of rubbish that one has read about corners, and watering stocks, and selling futures.

Undoubtedly there are, in connection with each of these things, cases of fraud, swindling, and other financial crimes; that is to say, the greed and selfishness of men are perpetual. They put on new phases, they adjust themselves to new forms of business, and constantly devise new methods of fraud and robbery, just as burglars devise new artifices to circumvent every new precaution of the lockmakers. The criminal law needs to be improved to meet new forms of crime, but to denounce financial devices which are useful and legitimate, because use is made of them for fraud, is ridiculous and unworthy of the age in which we live. Fifty years ago good old English Tories used to denounce all joint-stock companies in the same way, and for similar reasons.

All the denunciations and declamations which have been referred to are made in the interest of "the poor man." His name never ceases to echo in the halls of legislation, and he is the excuse and reason for all the acts which are passed. He is never forgotten in poetry, sermon, or essay. His interest is invoked to defend every doubtful procedure and every questionable institution. Yet where is he? Who is he? Who ever saw him? When did he ever get the benefit of any of the numberless efforts in his behalf? When, rather, was his name and interest ever invoked, when, upon examination, it did not plainly appear that somebody else was to win—somebody who was far too smart ever to be poor, far too lazy ever to be rich by industry and economy?

A great deal is said about the unearned increment from land, especially with a view to the large gains of landlords in old countries. The unearned increment from land has indeed made the position of an English land-owner, for the last two hundred years, the most fortunate that any class of mortals ever has enjoyed, but the present moment, when the rent of agricultural land in England is declining under the competition of American land, is not well chosen for attacking the old advantage. Furthermore, the unearned increment from land appears in the United States as a gain to the first comers, who have here laid the foundations of a new State. Since the land is a monopoly, the unearned increment lies in the laws of nature. Then the only question is, Who shall have it?—the man who has the ownership by prescription, or some or all others? Moreover, there is an unearned increment on capital and on labor, due to the presence around the capitalist and the laborer of a great, industrious, and prosperous society. A tax on land and a succession or probate duty on capital might be perfectly justified by these facts. Unquestionably capital accumulates with a rapidity which follows in some high series the security, good government, peaceful order of the state in which it is employed, and if the state steps in, on the death of the holder, to claim a share of the inheritance, such a claim may be fully justified. The laborer likewise gains by carrying on his labor in a strong, highly civilized, and well-governed state far more than he could gain with equal industry on the frontier or in the midst of anarchy. He gains greater remuneration for his services, and he also shares in the enjoyment of all that accumulated capital of a wealthy community which is public or semi-public in its nature.

The great gains of a great capitalist in a modern state must be put under the head of wages of superintendence. Any one who believes that any great enterprise of an industrial character can be started without labor must have little experience of life. Let any one try to get a railroad built, or to start a factory and win reputation for its products, or to start a school and win a reputation for it, or to found a newspaper and make it a success, or to start any other enterprise, and he will find what obstacles must be overcome, what risks must be taken, what perseverance and courage are required, what foresight and sagacity are necessary. Especially in a new country, where many tasks are waiting, where resources are strained to the utmost all the time, the judgment, courage, and perseverance required to organize new enterprises and carry them to success are sometimes heroic. Persons who possess the necessary qualifications obtain great rewards; they ought to do so. It is foolish to rail at them. Then, again, the ability to organize and conduct industrial, commercial, or financial enterprises is rare; the great captains of industry are as rare as great generals. The great weakness of all co-operative enterprises is in the matter of supervision. Men of routine or men who can do what they are told are not hard to find, but men who can think and plan and tell the routine men what to do are very rare. They are paid in proportion to the supply and demand of them.

If Mr. A. T. Stewart made a great fortune by collecting and bringing dry-goods to the people of the United States, he did so because he understood how to do that thing better than any other man of his generation. He proved it, because he carried the business through commercial crises and war, and kept increasing its dimensions. If, when he died, he left no competent successor, the business must break up, and pass into new organization in the hands of other men. Some have said that Mr. Stewart made his fortune out of those who worked for him or with him. But would those persons have been able to come together, organize themselves, and earn what they did earn without him? Not at all. They would have been comparatively helpless. He and they together formed a great system of factories, stores, transportation, under his guidance and judgment. It was for the benefit of all; but he contributed to it what no one else was able to contribute—the one guiding mind which made the whole thing possible. In no sense whatever does a man who accumulates a fortune by legitimate industry exploit his employés, or make his capital "out of" anybody else. The wealth which he wins would not be but for him.

The aggregation of large fortunes is not at all a thing to be regretted. On the contrary, it is a necessary condition of many forms of social advance. If we should set a limit to the accumulation of wealth, we should say to our most valuable producers, "We do not want you to do us the services which you understand how to perform, beyond a certain point." It would be like killing off our generals in war. A great deal is said, in the cant of a certain school, about "ethical views of wealth," and we are told that some day men will be found of such public spirit that, after they have accumulated a few millions, they will be willing to go on and labor simply for the pleasure of paying the taxes of their fellow-citizens. Possibly this is true. It is a prophecy. It is as impossible to deny it as it is silly to affirm it. For if a time ever comes when there are men of this kind, the men of that age will arrange their affairs accordingly. There are no such men now, and those of us who live now can not arrange our affairs by what men will be a hundred generations hence.

There is every indication that we are to see new developments of the power of aggregated capital to serve civilization, and that the new developments will be made right here in America. Joint-stock companies are yet in their infancy, and incorporated capital, instead of being a thing which can be overturned, is a thing which is becoming more and more indispensable. I shall have something to say in another paper about the necessary checks and guarantees, in a political point of view, which must be established. Economically speaking, aggregated capital will be more and more essential to the performance of our social tasks. Furthermore, it seems to me certain that all aggregated capital will fall more and more under personal control. Each great company will be known as controlled by one master mind. The reason for this lies in the great superiority of personal management over management by boards and committees. This tendency is in the public interest, for it is in the direction of more satisfactory responsibility. The great hinderance to the development of this continent has lain in the lack of capital. The capital which we have had has been wasted by division and dissipation, and by injudicious applications. We are to see the development pushed forward at an unprecedented rate by an aggregation of capital, and a systematic application of it under the direction of competent men. This development will be for the benefit of all, and it will enable each one of us, in his measure and way, to increase his wealth. We may each of us go ahead to do so, and we have every reason to rejoice in each other's prosperity. There ought to be no laws to guarantee property against the folly of its possessors. In the absence of such laws, capital inherited by a spendthrift will be squandered and re-accumulated in the hands of men who are fit and competent to hold it. So it should be, and under such a state of things there is no reason to desire to limit the property which any man may acquire.

THE MOTTO IN A WEDDING RING.

A LOVER gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within this golden band."
The goldsmith graved,
With careful art,
"*Till Death us part.*"

The wedding bells rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O wife,
Together we will share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till Death us part."

'Twas *she* that lifted now his hand
(O love, that this should be!),
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered, tenderly:
"Till Death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine!

"And when Death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart;
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That troth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill
Through fifty changing years
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! alas!
That Death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who graved
With careful art,
'Till Death us part,'

"Now grave four other words for me:
'*Till Death us join.*'" He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"*Till Death us join.*"

THE NEW GERMAN MINISTER.

BARON VON EISENDECHER, the newly appointed German Minister to the United States, comes of a family of diplomates. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in June, 1841. His father was the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg to the Federal Diet. Young VON EISENDECHER was sent at an early age to the Berlin Naval School, and when sixteen years of age he entered the Prussian navy. He took part in the first Prussian expedition to Japan. During the war between France and Germany he was the executive officer of the frigate *Ancona*, which was stationed at this port for several months. In 1873 he entered the diplomatic service, and in 1878 he was placed on the retired list of naval officers, with the rank of Captain. He was appointed Resident Minister to Japan several years ago, and after serving in that capacity for about a year, he was raised to the rank of Plenipotentiary. While in Japan he was decorated with the order of the Rising Sun, an honor which is rarely conferred upon foreigners. The Baron was married only a short time before he left Germany. The Baroness is some years the junior of the Baron, and comes of one of the oldest families of Pomerania. A portrait of the Minister is given on page 148.

PREDICTING RAIN.

PERSONS skilled in the use of the spectroscope are making experiments to determine how closely the approach of rain can be predicted through spectroscopic examination of the atmosphere. A foreign observer has published the results of experiments which he made in January. It has been found that rain is preceded by the appearance in the spectrum of a "rain-band." This experimenter made an observation each morning at nine o'clock in the direction from which the wind was blowing. For the purpose of comparison the boldness of the rain-bands on the different occasions is expressed in percentages. The rain-fall was measured twenty-four hours after each observation. He reports that the largest percentage of rain-band (70) was followed by a heavy rain. The percentage was 60 twice and 50 eight times, and in each instance there was rain. There was rain five times, and cloudy weather twice, following the seven observations, which showed forty per cent. of rain-band.

JEWELRY reflects more than anything else the art influences which surround it. Having a certain amount of durability, the worker in the precious metals perpetuates the epoch in which he lives. Recognized as that art which must be in a certain measure indifferent to the costly materials which enter into its composition, it seeks to enhance the beauty of the gems and the gold by making them subservient to human skill. Barbaric and uneducated tendencies care for huge surfaces covered with stones, where crude masses of gold are displayed. It is that much more refined taste, as displayed by Etruscans and Greeks, that cares more for the delicacy of the work than the solid weight of the metal. Such passing attention as is generally paid to jewelry is somewhat prone to incline rather toward the material appreciation of these things. The intrinsic value of a well-painted picture has nothing to do with either cost of canvas or paint. It is that genius which masses the richest of colors, which makes the most delicate of tints, which alone delights the eye and is paid for. A well-composed jewel, a superbly conceived brooch, a graceful bracelet, a modest pendant are, then, something much more than diamonds, emeralds, pearls, or gold. It must, to please, show a thorough acquaintance on the part of the maker with the most subtle canons of art. A metal has been taken and formed into the most perfect of shapes. It may be costly, because it is only of gold, and owes its excellence to itself, irrespective of rubies or sapphires—or then again in one whole may, to the extreme art of the gold-worker, be lavished precious stones worth a prince's ransom.

It is well known that the growing demand in this country by the most intelligently discriminating buyers is for the finest diamonds only, and that the like careful choice extends to all other precious stones. Excellence in the selection of jewels has carried with it perfection in the mounting of them. Leading jewelers, in fact, have to be inventive, for the tastes of a well-informed public demand work which must be of marvellous excellence. Mr. THEODORE B. STARR, on Fifth Avenue, exhibits exquisite jewels, with the mountings as plain as possible, the stones, with their brilliant flash, wanting no metallic enhancements. It is with pearls of various hues that the real magic of the jeweler's art is brought most in prominence. Here were pearls of all shades, from black to rose, from the most creamy whiteness to those with opalescent reflections. One single brooch of diamonds was of amazing beauty. As if to contrast with one or two stones of purest water, there were blue diamonds, with that calm, quiet color of an early morning sky. Such diamonds may not be had even by the jeweler for the asking. Mr. STARR waits until he finds them. Then, having made his collection, they are brought together and then mounted.

To a superb show of the choicest stones in rings and ear-rings are added other attractions, all adapted to people of studied tastes. The silver was superb. Those models of peculiar form which we in America have taken from the artistic Japanese are found here—pieces of silver where the individual skill of the silversmith is called into play. Such objects are not run through rolls or struck up by dies, but represent each the skill of a metallurgist in perfecting his alloys, and the perfection of the artist's own hand, either exercised with the hammer or with the graver. Of bronzes, Mr. STARR exhibited fine pieces from Barbedienne, Carpaux, Mercièr, Pinedo, and others. China of the finest *pâte*, of the most graceful form, most choicely decorated, is called for now by those who purchase both diamonds and silverware. The cleverest work of English makers, the best Worcester, Copeland, and Staffordshire fictile wares, were here. The exhibition of a great house, which caters to those who are the most appreciative, presents a class of artistic objects not second to those hung on the walls of a picture-gallery.—[*Adv.*]

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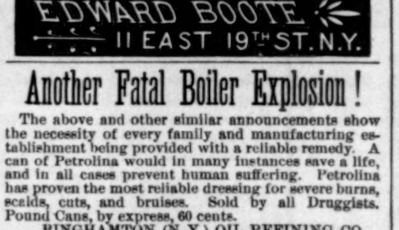

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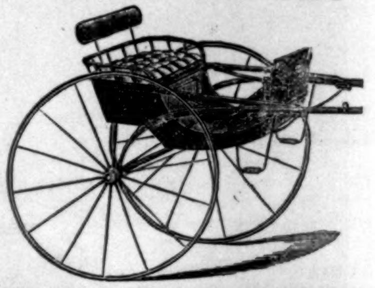

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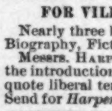

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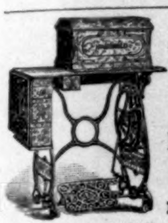

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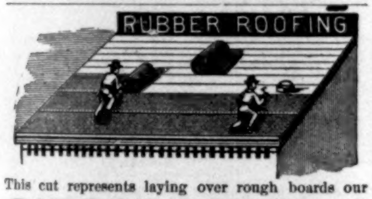

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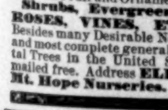

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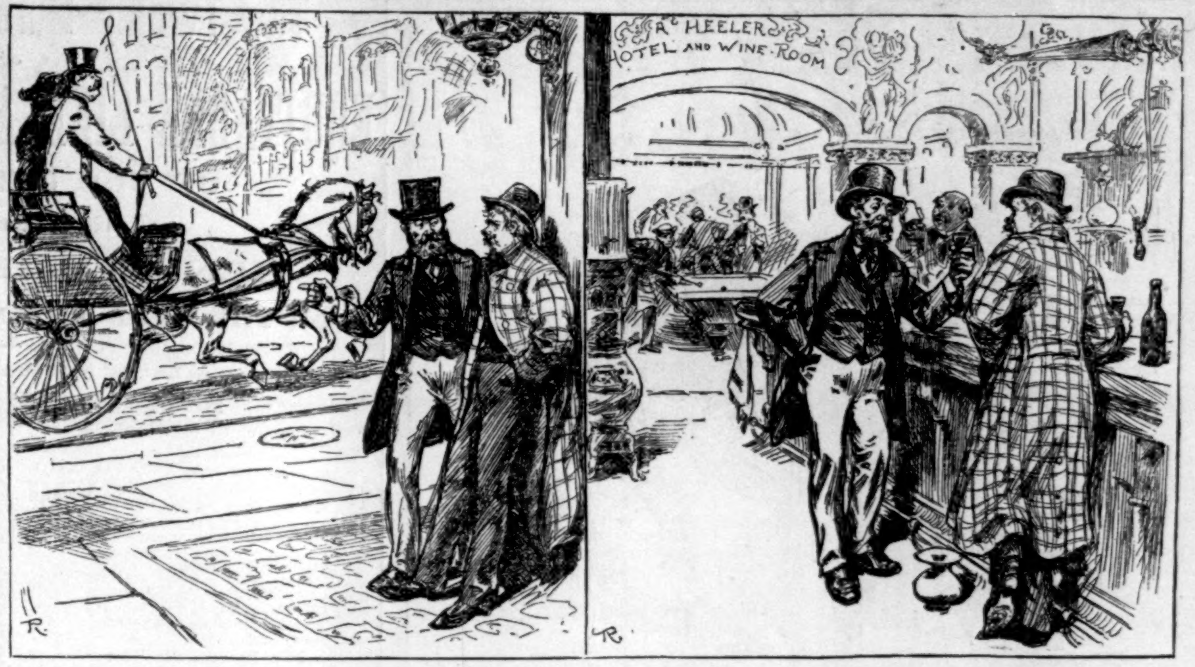

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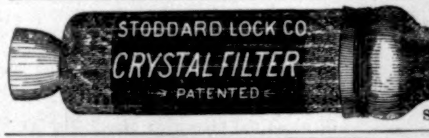

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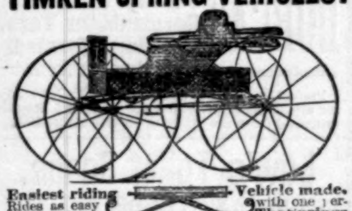

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